MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

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AGRICULTURE.

SUBSOIL PLOUGHING — RUGGLES & CO'S BEST.

We have been using a subsoil plough on our farm at Framingham. We procured it at the popular and valuable establishment of Ruggles, Nourse, and Mason, in Quincy Hall. We did not select their largest plough, but chose one of second size. This plough works exceedingly well and runs very easy. A good horse would draw it at a depth of four or five inches on land as free as oats.

We have used this plough for three acres of ground that is to be planted next year. On the first trial of it we had two teams, and as some of our young cattle were not much used to the yoke five men were necessary to manage both teams and both ploughs. On the second day we put all the cattle into one string—one yoke of oxen—two yokes of steers, and one horse—the subsoil plough was now hitched on to the grass plough and followed at a distance of eight or ten feet. One man held the grass plough, another held the subsoil plough, and a third drove the whole team, the horse being quite handy and way-wise, led off better than half a dozen boys and colts. Three hands only were now wanted instead of five, and the ploughs went quite as well, both of them, as when they were independent of each other. The hind plough was attached to the coulter of the forward one, by a chain that passed over one of the rounds, or over a little bar placed across the leading plough to keep a proper elevation of draft.

We have but little experience in the use of the subsoil plough, having tried one only on a small scale. Our mode of deepening the soil has been to plough deeper than in old times, with a common plough, and bring a little of the dead soil to the surface every time when green-sward is turned.

But when the object is to deepen the soil at once, it is more prudent to use a subsoil plough, stirring the cold soil rather than bringing it to the surface, and making way for the roots to go down when they please.

For gardens and for orchards of all descriptions a subsoil plough is the right implement to follow in the wake of the one that turns over the soil.—Gardens should have a very deep soil, then your vegetables will continue fresh, and the fruit will hold on the trees till it is ripe.

Potato ground should be ploughed deeper than corn ground; and that which is destined for beets, carrots, and parsnips should be made quite deep. In this way a double crop may be grown at a cost but a little more than is required for half a crop—the tilling is the principal labor, and an acre has one hundred and sixty square rods of surface whether the soil is deep or shallow. Whether three hundred or ten hundred bushels are grown on an acre the tilling is much the same—in one case the roots are longer than in the other, but the surface for weeding is equal.

There can be no hesitation with any experienced man that subsoiling and deep ploughing keep the soil more moist than shallow ploughing will, and that in dry summers the crops will prove best in a deep soil. It may be objected that a deep soil requires more manure than a shoal one—but a deep soil will hold the manure longest, and less will be lost by evaporation.

We hope all our farmers who have old farms to manage will try the experiment of deepening their furrows, and of stirring some of their lands with a subsoil plough. The cost of the one we had of Ruggles Nourse & Co. was but seven dollars.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUNG FRUIT TREES

Those who have not taken the precaution to remove the straw and litter from the trunks of their young trees—or buried the mulching with earth, to keep the mice away—will do well to beat down the first snow that comes, close about the trees.—This will prevent the making of nests under the snow and aiding the mice to get a living on the bark of the young trees. When the first snow lies but a short time, the trees should be looked to when the second snow falls.

Trees that stand near old walls are more exposed than such as stand in open fields. It is a great shame to let such small animals destroy fine young trees that have cost the owner much labor and cash. We have not cats enough to catch all the rats and mice. We ought to keep more cats and fewer dogs.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Ploughman.

DEEP PLANTING.

Mr. Editor: I noticed in a late number of the Ploughman an article in favor of "*deep planting*." The season, the soil, and many other circumstances so modify results, that it is often difficult to establish a universal rule, and we farmers, in experimenting, are apt to deduce conclusions too hastily. My experiments and the results of them for several months past, have convinced me that on my farm *shoal planting* is the best every way.

I have practiced planting my corn and potatoes, without making any holes, marking only with a machine, such as described last spring in the Ploughman. The corn or potatoes are dropped on the top of the ground, and covered from one to two inches.

I used to plant my potatoes deep, but they suffered much by the rot. Since I have practiced on the above plan, I have not had a peck of rotten potatoes. And they have been of better quality and one third more in quantity. And more than one half of the labor is saved in planting and digging. Some of my neighbors have adopted shoal planting, and raised more and better potatoes on the same ground than in the old way of planting.

"Deep Ploughing" and deep and thorough harrowing I am in favor of.

Will some one, through the Ploughman, inform me whether it will do as well to draw gravel upon meadows in winter as in August. J. G.

Northfield, N. H. Nov. 24, 1849.

☞ It is not good to plant any kinds of seed deep in the earth, whether the soil be wet or dry, rich or poor. On moist ground half an inch of covering, well pressed down, is quite enough for corn. Potatoes may be covered a little deeper.—On very dry land, and in a dry time, farmers are inclined to bury seeds too deep, fearing that they may be too dry to vegetate; but in most cases they miss the object in view. For if dry weather continues, the seeds cannot be expected to vegetate, though buried two inches deep; and if gentle rains come the seed that is two inches under ground will not be half so likely to feel them as seeds that are buried but one inch.

A deep soil and deep ploughing are altogether a different affair. We are beginning to plough old fields deeper than we ploughed them when they were new. We now plough *new* lands with a light team and a small plough—for it is absurd to go very deep at first, when all the best matter lies near the surface.

Farmers in a former age broke up their new lands with a team of 24 oxen, and a plough that would go 12 inches deep. Their object was to pull out most of the roots of shrub-oaks, birches, and maples. But in modern practice these roots are left to be cropped and killed by sheep and young cattle—or they are dug out with the hand-hoe—Better harvests are obtained, at first, by this slight ploughing than under the old practice. As fields become old and worn they should be ploughed deeper—particularly for all kinds of roots and for trees and grass.

It is well known that grass fields suffer more often for want of moisture than from any other cause. Deep ploughing supplies moisture—and though cornfields are not essentially benefited it at all, by a very deep furrow, yet if grass is to be the succeeding crop the ploughing should be deeper than the corn might require.

The first root that starts from a planted seed shoots downward—therefore the bed on which the seed is dropped should be mellow. Yet how often we see seed corn dropped into the bottom of a furrow, on the hard pan, where the land side of the plough had swept away all the nutritive matter.

In regard to drawing gravel upon meadows in the winter the only trouble is to find a bank that can be easily worked in cold weather. There are many meadows so soft that teams cannot pass on them unless they are frozen. It is often the case that gravel may be easily dug from a side hill with a southern aspect when meadow ground is frozen hard enough to bear a team. If the gravel knoll is covered with wood, so much the warmer and better. This work may be commenced early, as soon as the meadow is frozen, to better advantage than in mid-winter.

The best mode of proceeding is to drop a cart load in a place and not to attempt to spread it till next August. Then, after haying, level the gravel, carry on the compost manure, and sow the grass seed. If the meadow is cleared land and already bears coarse grass, or cranberry vines and low blueberry bushes, they will all die and rot when they lie under a load of gravel, and but little of the gravel will need to be left where the load was deposited in the winter; the most of it may be spread to cover and to kill the growth between the heaps.

If the gravel is spread this winter, or in the spring, it will only encourage the growth of the rank grass and the small bushes, that ought to be killed, and would be killed, by being covered at the right time, and at a proper depth. Much labor is saved by a proper attention to the time and the mode of doing this kind of work. Some will subdue a bog meadow with half the labor that others expend. [Editor.

FALL PLOUGHING FOR CORN.

Mr. Editor: I take this opportunity to pen you a few lines. Inclosed is two dollars for the Ploughman another year. Want of money and time to write prevented my sending it earlier. You wish farmers to write more for your paper, and I send you a few lines.

I planted about half an acre of corn this year. Where it was planted it was grass-ground broke up last fall, furrows harrowed lengthwise last spring and about twenty-five or thirty loads to the acre of manure spread on, and then harrowed both ways. The grass got up some and it was harder hoeing than though it had been ploughed. I think if I had another piece like it to plant I should cross-plough it in the spring, before planting it. The yield was not so great as I have had some years, being between thirty and forty bushels to the acre. I had on the same piece three or four loads of pumpkins, and about thirty bushels of turnips. I should have had more turnips but the seed did not catch on nearly half of the piece.

I do not send you this statement because I think I got great crops, but to let you know of the experiment.

That more interest is felt in farming than formerly I think apparent to any one. Farmers take more interest in clearing the brush from the roadsides, as well as within their inclosures, evincing a commendable pride. There has been considerable said of late about the different breeds of poultry; it has never been my lot to see any of the imported breeds, but if there are any that say better than common fowls according to what they eat I should like some.

I have been keeping account with my hens for the past year to know whether or not it is best to keep them, on the score of profit. The year is not out till the first of January and I cannot tell as yet, how I shall come out with them: perhaps I may let you know at some future time

LEWIS WETHERBEE.

☞ Greensward may as well be turned in the fall, where corn is to be planted, as at any time, unless we except the middle of May, when the grass is so green as to cause a quick decomposition of the sod. In clear fields there is no difficulty in ploughing so well that the grass, &c., will be all covered an l out of the way while tilling the corn. In rough and rocky fields the case is different and two ploughings may be necessary.

When land is to be twice ploughed for planting the first ploughing should be as early as September to give time for a partial decomposition of the furrow. Then a thorough cross-ploughing in the spring may fit the land well for tilling.

Our easy plains are ploughed usually but once for planting corn or potatoes. The manure is harrowed in thoroughly after ploughing, or buried by means of a cultivator. Some farmers plough a slight furrow to bury the manure a little deeper. This may be done to much advantage when the green-sward furrow has been turned as deep as it should be. When the first ploughing is as much as seven inches deep the second ploughing need not disturb the sod. When green-sward has been turned for the next year's planting as early as the month of October, the grass sometimes peeps through and is troublesome, without a cross-ploughing.

Farmers have so much to do in May that they cannot plough always at the time when they would choose. They gain much by fall ploughing—then their teams are strong, and then some valuable matter is found on the surface that will be useful if buried by the plough. It is better to turn green sward at any time before winter than to turn it early in the spring, when there is nothing on it that will rot. [Editor.

HUSK BEDS AND STRAW BEDS.

Mr Editor.—Sir,—I noticed a piece in your valuable paper headed, "husk beds." In regard to the making, they should be put in whole, not made in a mattress; they are more durable. Physicians recommend them as being a superior article for persons of consumptive complaint.

Straw beds are much improved by being made in mattresses, they are cleaner, and I think more durable. I have used one constantly for six years and it is good yet. I paid three dollars for mine; they come within the reach of every one, and are cheaper than having a bed filled every year, beside the trouble.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[For the Ploughman.]

VARIOUS SUBJECTS WHICH CLAIM THE ATTENTION OF FARMERS.

Mr. Editor.—Sir. It is a long time since I have had the pleasure of addressing you on the various topics to which we have formerly given our attention. The eighth volume of the Ploughman has been closed, and it is believed, has been conducted with great service to the farmers, and others of your subscribers and readers. All of them have now had opportunity to take a retrospective view of the general course pursued by you, as Editor of this valuable gricultural journal. As one of its readers, I must beg pernission to say, that I have been not only satisfied, but highly gratified, to observe the frank and open manner in which all subjects treated upon have been discussed for the mutual benefit of all. And I think, a mutual improvement is apparent among your readers.

For myself, I have only to regret that other pressing concerns, and sometimes ill health the past season, have deprived me of the pleasure of taking some part in the discussions of the several topics of culture of all kinds, which are always very pleasant. The pleasure of this correspondence, is always heightened by judicious answers and remarks, applicable to suggestions of correspondents, giving opportunities to compare their ideas with yours. I speak of culture of all kinds, viewing the cultivation of the moral, social and intellectual powers, and the religious affections, as all relating to general cultures, and combine, mutually, to aid each other in ripening the mind to some degree of perfection in agricultural science. The community at large view your paper as taking the lead in general culture in our State. In your endeavors to improve the community in the arts of peace and all the domestic arts, you have evidently improved the value of your Journal. There then, is a twofold improvement, which seems to look forward towards that degree of perfection, to which I have hinted.

The season is now approaching, when a relaxation from the constant labors of the field, may enable us all to give our attention more to study, preparatory to the opening of another season of toil. I have proposed, therefore, to myself, to discuss with you in this interim, several subjects which rest on my mind, and on which I desire information, and would gladly communicate any which I may possess to others.

The subjects I propose to discuss, relate,—First, to the best method of curing and preserving stover, particularly corn-stalks for fodder, comprehending the best, and most economical method of harvesting the corn, and the curing and preserving the corn-fodder, sown purposely for that use, having myself made some experiments on the subject

And second, to the best and most economical method of feeding and fattening stock intended for slaughter, particularly hogs; showing the cheapest and best articles for feeding. I should be pleased to compare with others who may have made like experiments. I cannot but consider these, among the most important subjects for the consideration of farmers; for almost all their toils result in the produce of their stock. And I find, that within the circle of my acquaintance most of the corn-fodder is lost, by the manner in which it is attempted to be cured and preserved. This valuable kind of fodder, if saved, would make a large item in the food of stock. The fattening of cattle and swine though in general carefully attended to, yet improvements may undoubtedly be still made.

A strong claim rests on some of our more learned and able farmers, to give us some, even short dissertations on self culture, in order to call up the attention of young farmers during this interim of the labor of their hands, to incite in them a desire for the cultivation of their immortal minds, to which the cultivation of the fields is so applicable. Modes may be be pointed out, by which they might profitably engage in such a work. They will perceive by looking into themselves that self-culture is possible and practical; that it is not a mere dream; that there are resources within themselves, which, when brought into action would greatly encourage the growth of the mind. They have superior opportunities to observe the works of nature, and to look through them, "up to nature's God." The mass of the people in this country are distinguished, by having the means of improvement, of self-culture beyond any others. They can be well supplied with books, as necessary aids; by these, they can avail themselves of the practical wisdom of a Washington, Franklin, Pickering, a Coleman and others on agriculture; and on sublimer subjects, both foreign and domestic authors are available. Our farmers will be gratified on observing, that our Agricultural Societies are proposing the establishment of libraries for their use and benefit. The Essex Agricultural Society have already with a laudable zeal made an appropriation for a library.

I hope sir, to see all the above subjects discussed in your paper.—With your permission,

Yours, C.

Hamilton, November 24th.

On the Disadvantages of Deep Planting Trees.—An impression obtains among American gardeners that trees should be planted deeper in this country than in Europe, on account of the greater warmth of the summer season. This impression is erroneous. It can only have arisen by imperfect observation, as it is opposed alike to comparative experiment and to every known principle of vegetable physiology.

Were not wonder and astonishment incompatible with the character of a wise man, one might think it strange that any person could be found in the universe who would persevere in doubtful practices when very simple experiments would often set disputation on such subjects forever at rest. But, as Marryat's Stapleton says, "it is all human natur;" and so it must be endured and the best made of it. Such may be said on the present subject. Let two hardy fibrous rooted shrubs be planted side by side, the only difference being that one be planted twelve inches beneath the surface and the other only six, and twelve months will show that the shallow planted shrub has much the advantage. If the soil be any way rich, the difference between them will be the more marked. I once had to plant a very wet piece of ground with hardy evergreen shrubs. I had not sufficient influence to get it drained. I had only to plant. Knowing well these trees would do me no credit if planted *in* such soil and in the ordinary way, I planted them *on* the ground. I had the ground dug deep, as if for ordinary planting, laid the roots flat on the surface, threw on them broken sods, and covered the whole with fine soil. These trees afterward afforded me as much satisfaction as any I ever planted. They contrasted strongly with the yellow appearance of others, which had been planted *in* the soil before.

It is the bane of gardening that it is afflicted with a host of mere theorists. Men of no experience whatever—wanting even an observing turn of mind—will often pass themselves off on the public as first-rate gardeners. This acts injuriously on the prosperity of gardening in many ways. One is, that with inconsiderate people theory is often underrated in its importance.—This should not be. It ought to be an established rule that no person should be deemed a first-rate member of any profession who is not able to tell *why* a thing is to be done as well as *how*.—He should, in other words, be master of the theory of his profession as well as the practice.—This holds good in the simplest operation. A scientific workman is worth two mere laborers; every one knows that. With these views, it is necessary to consider why trees should be shallow planted.

It has not yet been placed beyond dispute that vital action or life in vegetable organisms is caused by electric agency. Many modern physiologists incline to that opinion. But so far as the principle has been tested by mechanical contrivances, it seems to be a failure. It is, however, certain that vegetable life derives an essential stimulus from heat. A great—probably the greatest—part of the heat necessary to the existence of vegetable life, is derived through the medium of the roots. Hence arises the necessity that no impediment intervene to interrupt the relations naturally existing between heat and the roots. It is essential that the temperature of the atmosphere should generally approximate to the soil around the roots; because the evaporation of the juices of a plant through the leaves, by a given degree of heat, the same or nearly the same degree of heat can only supply through the roots. And if the roots of plants, therefore, be in a colder medium than the leaves, more matter will be evaporated than the roots can supply; and, if the roots are in the warmer medium, more matter is received into the system than the leaves can digest. In either case, death is the consequence. It is probable the temperature of the earth and air never coincide altogether; one being sometimes much warmer than the other, and sometimes the contrary. It seems to be an established principle that vegetation is healthier the nearer these approximate. There is a great difference in the temperature of the soil at different depths, near the surface of the earth. Lindley has somewhere published a case where a trial in summer gave 61° Fahrenheit, at six inches below the surface; and, at three feet, 44°. The nearer, then, the roots are to the surface, the more equal will be the heat to the roots and to the leaves.

Even could these principles be inviolate when deep planting is resorted to, it is doubtful whether plants could long remain healthy so. It is an error to suppose, as many do, that the roots of plants feed only on the soil. They feed also on the gases floating in the atmosphere, through the decomposition of organic beings. More especially do they feed on ammonia, from which they probably derive the major part of their nitrogen. The mechanical force of the descending rain brings these substances to the surface, where they are left to be absorbed by the roots in the immediate vicinity. Roots which are far beneath the surface can so receive no benefit from these revivifying circumstances.

It follows, from these principles, that the nearer the roots of plants are to the surface of the earth, consistently with their real known *aversion to light*, the nearer will they be to those conditions which nature's immutable laws declare to be most conducive to a perfect state of health. Should the transplanted tree be likely to suffer from drought, a good mulching will effectually prevent that, besides be of good service in affording nutriment.

THOMAS MEEHAN.

Kingsessing, Phila.

[Horticulturist.

ESSEX COUNTY TRANSACTIONS.

We have received the report on "Dairy Products," which the Committee prefaces with some general remarks. The difficulty of instituting a comparison is mentioned from the want of accurate statements in minute particulars; variances of time, &c. The Report then says:

We present in a Tabular form, an abstract of the several statements, supplying deficiencies by the *best guesses* (exercising our privilege as Yankees) in our power to make.

No.	Name.	Residence.	Cows.	June, av. lbs. to a Cow.	4 mos. av. lbs. to a cow.	Total.
1	John Stone, Jr.,	Marblehead	4	45	155	620
2	Daniel Putnam,	Danvers	6	30	120	720
3	Elijah Pope,	"	4	28	111	444
4	Charles P. Preston,	"	7	30	112	784
5	George Pearson,	Saugus	6	30	109	654
6	Nathaniel Felton,	Danvers	8	32	110,5	884
7	Jonathan Berry,	Middleton	8	30	97,8	790
8	D. McNaughton,	Byfield	5	25	94,5	490
9	John Preston,	Danvers	4	26	91,5	366
10	Nathan D. Hawks,	Lynnfield	4	25	85	340

This shows an average product of *one pound* to a cow *daily*, through the month of June, and *seven-eighths of a pound daily* to a cow, for the four months from May 24th to September 24th.

When the extraordinary drought of the months of August and September are taken into view, as also the family consumption of milk before adverted to, it is but fair to say, that the statements presented the present season, give evidence of a production of *one pound of butter daily* for each cow, for the four best months of the season.

How this will compare with former years is not distinctly in mind. We remember when the Society first commenced their offer of premiums, Col. Jesse Putnam was successful in obtaining the first premium, and that his cows averaged a produce of two hundred pounds each in a period of six months. This was thought a large product, and was accounted for by the extraordinary feed of the cows; the Col. being a man not accustomed to leave anything he undertook half finished. We have known some of the present claimants, with whom we have been acquainted *as such* for nearly *thirty years*, to present statements of a produce of eight pounds of butter a week to each cow for a number of successive weeks. These were among the best products, in the *natural way*, that we have known. We have often heard of cows that yielded two pounds of butter a day, and more, but we have never known a herd of such cows, or any considerable number together, that would do it, without using a feed for them that would "cost more than it came to." If such can be found, we should consider attention to such a stock one of the best modes of using a farm.

There is so much time misspent and labor lost in the making of poor butter, that we feel it to be an imperative duty to endeavor to impress the minds of farmers and of their wives and daughters, with the importance of giving heed to this subject. There are some things in relation to it so well settled as to be universally known by all those who have any knowledge of the matter.—There are others on which there remain great differences of opinion and variance of practice.—As for instance, in the statements before us, we find some of the makers of butter apply *cold water* freely to the butter, both before it is taken from the churn and afterwards; "to aid in abstracting the butter-milk and to harden the butter," as they say. Others bring it into form without the use of water, and say that its use impairs the flavor, and essentially injures the quality of the butter. How shall it be determined which of these is right? This is a practical question, applicable to every churning; quite too important therefore to be left in doubt. Probably most persons do as their mothers used to do, without inquiry whether there is any better mode of proceeding. In an intelligent article upon this subject, from one of the most successful makers of butter in this county, (see Transactions for 1840, p. 72,) we find this sentence:—"More depends on this than any part of the process in making good butter. If our dairy women would apply double the labor to half the quantity of butter, and thereby thoroughly remove all particles of butter-milk, this one half would be worth more than the whole in the condition it is usually sent to the market."*

The churning process is an essential part of the making of butter. At our request, Mr. Felton, who has for several years obtained the first premium on butter, has annexed to his statement an account of his mode of churning. We looked in vain through the several statements for information on this point. If it be true as it is said to be, that some kinds of churns will bring the butter in one half the time, with less than half the labor that others require, this is a fact of great importance in determining the best mode of making butter.

We have heard of many improved churns, but have seen none, the structure and principles of which better correspond with our ideas of utility, than Crowell's Patent Thermometer Churn.—We cannot so well express the idea we wish to convey, as in the letter annexed, from a gentleman, himself expert in all the arts of butter-making.†

Mr. Howard, of the Albany Cultivator, authority second to none other in the country, says, "according to our experience the best butter is not produced by a very *short* nor a very *long* period in churning. If it is churned too quick, the separation is not complete, and the butter besides being less rich, is deficient in quantity; if the process is continued too long, the butter is likely to be *oily*. We think our best butter-makers would decide that churning for ordinary quantities, say from ten to twenty pounds, should occupy from *thirty* to *fifty* minutes." This corresponds entirely with the opinion expressed by Mrs. Nathaniel Felton, who said "she did not want the butter to come in less than thirty minutes; it is not so good when it comes in a shorter time."

We are informed by some of those who have been most successful in the management of their dairies, that they look more to the *quality* of the milk given by the cow, than the *quantity*; and in selecting their cows to be kept for this purpose, they choose only those which give milk adapted to the purpose. It is unquestionably true that one quart of milk from some cows, will yield as much or more butter than two quarts from others. In selecting cows therefore, the quality of their milk should be tested, either by making butter from it, or by the use of a *lactometer*, which shows the comparative thickness of cream that will rise on similar quantities of milk. Mr. Holbert, an experienced farmer of N. Y. state, says; "I find by churning the milk separate, that *one of my best cows* will make as much butter as *three* of my poorest cows, giving the same quantity of milk." We have heard the same thing substantiall from dairy women themselves. Let those cows which abound in *quantity only*, be turned over to those who care only for filling their measures; and let those that afford *substance* as well as *show* be kept to supply the churn.

But one parcel of cheese was presented to the Committee. This was such as to leave no hesitation as to the propriety of awarding the premium offered. If our recollection is right, a similar state of facts occurred the last year. Why it is that the farmers of Essex are so indifferent as to be unwilling to present their claims, for this branch of the products of the dairy, we are unable to imagine. It cannot be that they have discontinued the making of cheese, for this will never happen while people have an inclination to use it. That it is still used, every well furnished table bears testimony. That those farmers who live in the immediate vicinity of a ready market for milk or butter can turn it to better account than to make it into cheese, we have no doubt; but when two pounds of good cheese will readily command as much money as one pound of well-preserved butter, we think there are many farms on the sea shore and on the banks of the Merrimack, where their milk will be most advantageously used for the making of cheese. We remember to have seen splendid collections of cheese made in West Newbury and Andover; and if such are now there, we can only regret that they are not brought forward. Farmers should remember that they owe something to the public as well as to themselves; and that they have not done their whole duty when they have simply pocketed the money offered as premiums. The design of these Exhibitions is to present a fair specimen of the products of the County; and every one who has a spark of patriotism in his breast, should be willing to lend a helping hand. I wish those *good women* who labor and tug day after day in turning and rubbing their cheeses, would occasionally jog the elbows of their husbands, and urge them to go ahead in the way of their duty. Every man who loves his wife as he ought to do, will be proud to exhibit the products of her industry. If they will not, let the women themselves, do as others we could name have creditably done, exhibit their own cheeses with their own hands. What more interesting part of the exhibition could there be, than to have the products of a dozen dairies, under the superintendence of the ladies themselves, ready to explain how they were made!

On looking over the statements we were struck with the fact, that but *two* of the cows were of foreign breeds, (so called) viz:—Mr. M'cNaughton's of Byfield, whose produce was the seventh in quantity. These two were Durhams; there were no Ayrshires, no Devons—unless our natives may claim affinity thereto. Why it is that the farmers of Essex are so slow in introducing these classes of animals, we are unable to determine. Specimens of them have been among us on the farms of Parsons, Derby, Poore and others for years, and many efforts have been made to make known their superiority; but still the real *hard hands* do not take hold of them. On whose judgment, then, shall we rely, the *gentlemen farmers*, or the *operative farmers?* The *theory* of one recommends the Durhams and the Ayrshires for the dairy, as being the greatest producers; the *practice* of the other, adopts the natives. We leave this to be decided by those of more experience than ourselves. We are willing to prove all, and hold on upon the best.

One general remark must close what we have to offer on this subject; and our commentaries upon the statements particularly, must be a appended to each.

The premiums are offered, not so much for the *superior quality* of the *article presented*, as for the *superior process* by which it is made so, that others may go and do likewise.

We recommend the premiums to be awarded as follows:—

FOR JUNE BUTTER.

To Nathaniel Felton, of Danvers, first premium $10: John Preston, of Danvers, second premium, 8: Elijah Pope, of Danvers, third premium, 6:

FOR SEPTEMBER BUTTER.

To Charles P. Preston, of Danvers, first premium, $10; Jonathan Berry, of Middleton, second premium, 8: Nathaniel Felton, of Danvers, third premium, 6:

FOR CHEESE.

To David Choate, of Essex, first premium, $8:

In behalf of the Committee,
J. W. PROCTOR, Chairman]
Danvers, October 25, 1849.

* I am informed by a lady, who was instructed by her mother, who for a period the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, had the reputation of making the very best of butter, that she never applied cold water or any other water to the butter after it was churned. She considered such application injurious;—especially if the butter was intended to be put down as she said,—that is, to be preserved for future use. That it would not keep so well when soaked in water; was not so fine flavored; and was more likely to become rancid. Perhaps my respect for this lady, (who is my mother) influences my opinions, nevertheless there are hundreds, in Salem and vicinity, who for years used their butter, when they had vigor to work it, who will bear testimony that no more reliable authority could be cited. In a matter of this kind I should place more confidence in the practical experience of a sensible woman, than in all the chemical analyses of all the Davys, and Leibig's combined.

† Dear Sir,—I have used the "Thermometer Churn" this season, and have been much pleased with it. It possesses a decided advantage in the spring and autumn, when the cream is generally so cold as to be a long time in forming butter in other churns, as by filling the space between the zinc and the outer side of the churn with hot water, the cream may be easily brought to the proper temperature for churning. In warm weather, however, I do not think much is to be gained by filling this space with cold water, as the cream should be sufficiently cooled before it it is put into the churn; and if it is not, it could hardly be done by cold water in the short time generally occupied in churning. Still, in warm weather, I have found that the Thermometer Churn will bring the butter in much less time than any other I have ever used; and this, I think, may be owing to the form of the slats of the dasher. These have a wide and flat surface, obviously producing more agitation of the cream than the round slats of Gates's churn and of Kendall's churn. On one occasion, I have churned thirty quarts of cream into butter in eleven minutes in the Thermometer Churn, though it ordinarily takes a longer time, an average at least of half an hour; and a shorter time than this I do not think desirable.

It is claimed for some of the lately invented churns, the Atmospheric Churn, for example, that they will produce butter in four or five minutes; but I think it is very questionable whether in so short a time all the butter can be extracted from a given quantity of cream, or the butter can be of the best quality. What to me seems the greatest desideratum in churns is, some improvement in the application of the moving power, by which the amount, or rather the severity of labor may be lessened in churning. As it is now, it is work, and often hard work too, for an able bodied man. But if a Churn could be made to work so easily that a boy could operate it without fatigue for three or four successive churnings, it is evident that a great gain would be made in the expenditure of labor. "Blessings on the man who invented sleep!" exclaimed the renowned Sancho Panza—and equal blessings have I often been inclined to invoke for the individual who would make churning easy.

Very respectfully, yours, ALLEN W. DODGE.

Hamilton, Oct. 23, 1849.

AGRICULTURE AND SCIENCE.

An Address, *before the Oberlin Agricultural Society on its Thirteenth Anniversary.*

BY PROF. HENRY COWLES.

[Concluded.]

It has been already intimated, that the clue to the great modern improvements in agriculture has been the discovery or at least the developement of the principle that *all plants live by eating*. There is now another principle to be taken into consideration with this, of scarcely less importance—viz: that *they are all very particular about their food*. They are none of them universal gormands; they have not the gift of eating any thing that comes to hand, whether adapted to their constitution or not.

It is a very wise and most convenient feature in the constitution of the human stomach, that it has a wondrous power of conforming itself to circumstances, and of exacting nutriment from an almost endless variety of articles. If potatoes fail, it can subsist on corn. Rice is the staple food of millions. Other thousands live almost exclusively on fish. A Greenlander would not starve if he was shut up to train oil alone, only give him enough of it.

But so far as we know, this faculty of accommodation is enjoyed by no one animal to nearly the same extent. Some animals confine themselves rigidly to one variety of food, and many to a very few varieties. Plants are yet more restrictive. They manifest no disposition to be accommodating in this matter. They insist that they must have the right sort of food or none. If their own food is deficient in quantity or bad in quality, they will be lean or sickly, or both. The wheat plant must have mineral food enough of the right sort, to make firm straw, or the force of its ascending fluids will burst the conducting tubes, and the "rust" will blight the hopes of the husbandman. If you give it too much of that food which nourishes the straw, and too little of that which fills the berry, you may harvest tons of straw and only pints of grain. The plant is very particular about its food, insisting that it must have food enough and of the right sort—in the right proportion.

The peach tree needs the right element for its nutrition, or it will have the mildew or the yellows. Very probably science may yet show us that the water-core and the bitter-rot in the apple, result from the lack of some constituent element of food, essential to healthful growth and perfect developement. We see no ground to dissent from the modern opinion, that particular varieties of the apple may have somewhat different constituent elements, or at least may have the same in different proportions, so that their perfect developement can be secured only by giving to each its appropriate kind and measure of food. Our Baldwins may need one dose, our Newtown Pippins another, not only to give them their highest perfection in growth and flavor, but even to make them in any considerable degree valuable in our soil and climate.

Here is a vast field open for the joint labors of science and experiment—a field upon which our age has only just entered. I have no doubt that these principles ought to be and will be applied thoroughly to the potato plant.—Not improbably some specific may yet be discovered, which shall renew its pristine vigor, and enable it to withstand the tendencies to disease, under which it has for some years labored. Why not institute a rigid chemical analysis for the purpose of determining in what respects the diseased plant differs from the healthy one;—what those elements are, and in what proportions, which, being present, you have a healthy plant, and a perfect fruit; and also, what changes in these elements accompany the diseased state? I am well enough aware, that the agencies which cause disease are exceedingly subtile;—it will be soon enough to acknowledge them inscrutable, when we have absolutely exhausted upon them our powers of analysis and investigation.

Let this suffice as an instance to indicate some of the less common directions which scientific injury may take. The much more common, and invariably useful, have been indicated already. Science can tell us what elements are essential to the healthful developement of each plant; and then our business is to supply those elements and as nearly as practicable in their due proportions.

This application of science to agriculture is yet in its infancy, and of course its results of good are yet but imperfectly developed. It is, however, no small matter to have found the clue to guide us through the labyrinths of nature's workshop. It is something to have hit upon the principle which in its countless applications is yet to become as familiar as any other house-hold-words in the vocabulary of the *real* farmers who shall yet "*subdue*" the soil of the globe. Science has as yet scarcely laid the first fruits of her contributions at the feet of agriculture. The teeming earth has a glorious testimony yet to come, which she will gratefully bear in honor of the princely munificence with which science has blessed the mind and the heart of those who till her soil.

4. But we must return, for we have not yet quite finished our list of the conditions of vegetable nutrition. We therefore, add, fourthly, a soil not robbed of its nutritious elements by those foreign interlopers and aggressors, vulgarly termed *weeds*. These weeds are by nature constituted to eat and to live by eating, not less than useful plants. They too have *stomachs*, and usually they are most gluttonous gormandizers. If you were to consult agricultural science on this subject, she would tell you that oftentimes these weeds consume the very same sort of food which your corn and potatoes need, and which they would eat themselves, but for the fact, that these huge and greedy interlopers thrust their proboscis so ungently into their neighbor's dish. We have often seen the piteous looking plants, half starved—their pale faces and emaciated forms, most eloquently pleading, that the cultivator would tear away these intruders, and leave them to enjoy their own meal unmolested. Indolence has circulated a report, that these weeds are useful to shade the ground and keep it moist about the roots of plants: but obviously she never studied the subject enough to know. If she had, she would have learned that weeds do not live upon the refuse matters of the soil, but are quite apt to select the best, and seize the lion's share of that.

If you want the ground shaded during the summer heats, employ dead straw or leaves instead of living weeds. They are just as good and even better for shade, with this other important difference in their favor—they do not take away, but give their own to the soil on which they lie. They are benefactors not robbers—a difference which would be as good as dollars in the pocket of many a farmer, if he understood and would do it.

In short, I have no faith in weeds whatever, save that I believe that they are an unmitigated curse. Especially do I abominate them when I see them going to seed—*out of their place*. I think I have seen some fields in Oberlin pretty effectually ruined for the time, by being seeded down with weeds. Having but little land myself, I find it important to say often to my sons, that with our large family, we cannot afford room to grow these articles, and therefore the speediest and most thorough going extermination is the best policy.

But we must not pursue farther this detail of the conditions of successful agriculture. If I have not enumerated quite all, I have at least mentioned some of the most important. Whoever will faithfully meet these conditions will find that his labors are not vain.

There are however, certain other ways in which science befriends the farmer, to which I ask a moment's attention.

1. She helps him defend his vegetable productions against enemies in the animal world. She teaches him to study these enemies, and find out what they are—how, and where they live—their laws of reproduction and nutrition—that he may discover their vulnerable points, and attack them to the best advantage. It sometimes happens that these little fellows are really formidable foes. There may be enough of them in number, to make amends for their being very diminutive in person. They may come thick enough to kill all your vines before they are a week old—your corn before it is fairly above ground—your wheat before it can fill—your plums before they are one-quarter grown. Now there is no way in which man can get the mastery over so many myriads of enemies except he avails himself of his superiority on the score of *mind*. He must study not only the tactics of his enemy, but their whole character and all their habits. Thus he may discover some assailable point of attack, or at least some means of defence.

2. Science has suggested modes of improving the quality of seeds and the character of varieties. Seeds are improved by judicious, though not always by the *highest* cultivation, and by care to prevent adulteration by the intermingling of varieties while in the flower. On these points it were superfluous to show that agriculture is greatly indebted to science. If it be true, as I have lately seen suggested, that some species of mineral manures stimulate the growth and perfection of seeds, while other species determine their quickening energy to the stalk or to other portions of the plant, the fact will afford yet another demonstration of the value of science as applied to agriculture.

In respect to new varieties, it is well known to all amateurs in fruit-culture that many most valuable new varieties of fruit have been produced by crosses upon existing varieties, and by other means of which this is not the place to speak in detail. These efforts have been directed by science, and have already produced many choice varieties.

3. Science lends her aid to relieve labor by supplying and directing mechanical power and by furnishing improved instruments.

On this point, since I must be brief, it might seem sufficient barely to allude to the countless machines so rapidly coming into use wherever science and art are invoked to the aid of labor. The *plough* of modern days in a *machine*, adjusted on the nicest principles of mechanics. It would be both curious and instructive if it were in our power to measure the amount of mind and money expended in bringing it to its present state of perfection.

To get a bird's-eye view of the state of the mechanical arts as applied to agriculture, let it be supposed that you are a wheat-grower in this new country. First, you may have any quantity of stump-machines to remove those obstacles to cultivation. Next, the improved and apparently perfect plough; the cultivator; and not to be neglected, if your means will afford it—the *wheat drill*, to cover your seed with four-fold rapidity—with a saving of 20 per cent. on the amount of seed—and an advantage in preserving the grain from the frosts of winter and the rust

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

William Buckminster, Editor.

SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 8, 1849.

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

The Congress of the nation met at Washington on Monday last. Mr. Fillmore, the Vice President, presides in the Senate. In the House there has been a hard contest for a Speaker. Mr. Winthrop of Boston was the principal Whig candidate, and Mr. Cobb of Georgia was the candidate of the Democratic party.

It will be seen that no choice was made on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, though repeated trials were made. It is understood that a number of Southern Whigs would not vote for Winthrop without a pledge from him in regard to the Wilmot proviso and slavery in the District of Columbia—seven or eight of them therefore voted for a Whig from Tenessee, Mr. Gentry.

The former Speaker, Winthrop, it seems, is opposed by a number of Southern Whigs for his Anti-Slavery notions,—and by a number of Northern Whigs for being deficient in this particular.—There is one comfort to the good people of these Thirty States. Not much is lost to the country by a month's delay in the choice of a Speaker of the House.

FRAMINGHAM ACADEMY.

We are requested to state that another quarter's instruction at this time-honored Institution commences on Monday next.

Mr. Worcester the Preceptor, is spoken of as a judicious and valuable instructer, and the school has much improved under his management. We see no reason why this Academy may not hold as high a rank as any in the Commonwealth.

A STRIKE AMONG FARMERS. As pork and turnips are too low in the market—lower than they can be afforded—why should not the farmers get up a strike, and lie on their oars—hold on by their produce—till they can bring purchasers to terms?

The tailors and the printers have set the example, and we can have no clothing without their consent. How can people live without pork and turnips and poultry? All these are too low and do not afford remunerating prices. If all the farmers in the country could put their heads together they might raise prices as high as the journeymen tailors and printers can. When will the farmers meet?

THE WEATHER. We have not had much cold weather yet, though a storm of snow and sleet has furnished the means of sleighing in many towns near the city. On Wednesday there was snow and ice enough at Framingham to make sleighs and sleds run well. At Portsmouth also we are told the sleighing was good. In this city the snow storm soon changed to rain and the ground has hardly been covered with snow.

PANORAMA. On Wednesday afternoon Boylston Hall was crowded with the children of several Sabbath Schools, to see Mr. Williams's delightful panorama of the Bible. We are glad to learn that this beautiful exhibition is finding increasing favor with the public. An evening can be pleasantly and profitably spent in beholding this splendid production.

POSTPONED. The trial of George Cox for the murder of David R. Hogan, which was assigned for the 10th instant in the Supreme Judicial Court, has been postponed to Monday, the 31st. Robert Rantoul, Jr. Esq., has been retained as senior counsel.

☞ Messrs. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln have just published a cheap school edition of the "Elements of Moral Science," by Francis Wayland, D. D., Pres. of Brown University. This is the "twenty-sixth thousand" abridged and revised. It contains 212 pages, with questions, in a very convenient form.

☞ We have received a copy of the "Boston Almanac" for 1850. It is well printed in the same form as last year, and contains a cut of the new City Jail, the Athenæum, the Custom House, Railway and Telegraphic map of New England, the Fountain on Boston Common, Statistics of the Water Works &c. It is entered in the clerk's office for copyright by Mrs. Dickinson, widow of its originator and printed by Coolidge & Wiley 12, Water street.

☞ At the Whig caucus held in Washington on Saturday night, Mr. Toombs of Georgia, a Whig member, introduced the following Resolution:

Resolved, That Congress ought not to pass any law prohibiting slavery in the territories of California or New Mexico, nor any law abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia.

This resolution was not agreed to, and in consequence six or seven of the Southern Whigs left the caucus and refused to vote for the nominated candidate.

☞ Mr. N. P. Morrison of Somerville, sold in this market in November, one barrel of apples for ten dollars. There were 301 apples in the barrel, all selected. They were sold at retail, and the nett proceeds returned to Mr. M. amounted to ten dollars. This is the best barrel heard of for the producer—and the most costly for the consumer. Who has a better fruit report for us?

☞ The Pathfinder Railway Guide, No. 7, for December, is published by Snow & Wilder, 5 Washington street, by authority of the Railway Superintendents. Price, three cents.

☞ The Pork market shows a reduction in price from last week; see markets. Eggs are not plenty.

THE LAST OF $20,000.—On the back of a $3 bill of the Fairfield County (Conn.) Bank, which passed through our hands the other day, were written the following words:—

"A little while ye have been mine,
No longer can I keep ye,
I fear ye'll ne'er be mine again,
Nor any other like ye.
The last of a legacy of $20,000."

[Jour. of Com.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6th. *Attempted Assassination of Mr. Clay.* In the Senate Chamber, to-day, a man named Robinson, of Baltimore, and who is supposed to be insane, attempted to take the life of Hon. Henry Clay. Robinson was arrested and committed to jail.

A WHEAT SHEAF: gathered from our own fields. By F. C. Woodworth, and T. S. Arthur. M. W. Dodd.

This is one of the beautiful children's books with which the season abounds. It contains a series of pieces for children, which are illustrated by a large number of engravings. The names of the authors will ensure its being read, and their character, as well as the cursory perusal of a few pieces, led us to think that it deserves a place among the better books of the kind.

The above works are for sale at Crosby & Nichols.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.

We cannot well conceive of a better selection from foreign reviews and other journals than we have presented to us monthly in this admirable magazine, edited and published by W. H. Bidwell, New York.

DISAPPEARANCE OF DR. PARKMAN.

It is supposed that Dr. Parkman's remains have at length been discovered. Parts of a body have been found in the Medical College in this city—in the room of Dr. J. W. Webster, Professor of Chemistry in the Institution.

Dr. Webster was arrested on Friday night of last week and committed to the jail in Leveret Street. The public excitement has been intense ever since the finding of a human body in these apartments, and numerous accounts have been circulated. We copy from the *Courier* the following which, embraces what is generally understood to be facts that will be proved before the jury.

We understand that Mr. Webster's friends expect he will be able to show that he has no hand in this business. The public should suspend their judgment till the facts are proved:

Dr. Parkman held a note for $487 against Prof. Webster, which, although it was secured by a mortgage on some personal property at Cambridge, the Doctor was most anxious to collect. He several times called upon his debtor for the money, and was put off. At length he applied to the officer who disposed of the tickets for Professor Webster's course of lectures on chemistry, to know if there was a sufficient balance due the Professor to take up his note. This circumstance is said to have greatly incensed Professor Webster, who, on Friday morning of last week called at Dr. Parkman's house, and left word "if he (Dr. Parkman) wanted his money on that mortgage, to call at the Medical College about one o'clock that afternoon." Dr. Parkman left his house, No. 8 Walnut-street, at one o'clock, P. M. on Friday, November 20, for the purpose of attending to this engagement. On his way to the Medical College, he stopped at a grocer's on the corner of Vine and Blossom streets, and purchased some articles, which he ordered to be sent to his house From this store he went direct to the Medical College—adjacent—which he was seen to enter, but from which he was never seen to depart. [The story that he was seen passing over Cragie's Bridge is incorrect.] In the evening of that day, (Friday, Nov. 23) information was lodged at the Marshal's office, to the above effect. Scouts of police were sent in all directions—bills were posted in conspicuous places, and a large reward was offered for intelligence of the missing person.—Professor Webster, on being questioned, stated to the policemen that Dr. Parkman met him at the College at the time appointed; that he paid the Doctor $487; but when asked to show the receipt for the money, he could not do it. Though this was a *circumstance* against the Professor, yet his good character warded off suspicion for the time. The general supposition was that Dr. Parkman had been visited with a fit of insanity.

On Sunday, the 26th, a party of police were sent to examine the Medical College. They searched through all the rooms, except the laboratory on the first floor, and a small ante-room over head—both of which were locked; and it having been stated that they were apartments visited by none but Professor Webster, the police departed without opening them.

On Monday, the 26th, policemen were despatched with handbills on the various railroads, while others were sent in other directions, to trace the source of sundry rumors that had come to town, of a "person that had been seen," wandering in the woods in one town, acting strangely in another, and a raving maniac in another.—Thus the officers were engaged on this day; but on Tuesday, in consequence of a rumor that had got abroad, to the effect that Prof. Webster had kept himself very secluded in his apartments at the College by day, and that when he went away at night he locked his rooms—a thing unusual—the porter of the College was interrogated as to the correctness of these statements, and his answers were such as to create a belief that all was not right. In the evening of that day, the police, accompanied by several of the friends of Dr. Parkman, made another search of the premises, and found, as on their previous visit, Dr. Webster's doors locked; yet, as before, they left the College without forcing them.

Up to Tuesday night, the only persons who had ventured to suspect the Professor, were those connected with the College. Their suspicions were founded upon the fact of the visit of Dr. Parkman of Friday—the mysterious seclusion of Dr. Webster when in the College, and his locking up his laboratory and office at night. These suspicions were not communicated to the police until Wednesday morning, at which time a third examination of the building was made and watches were set; but the Professor's doors were not yet opened. On this day the excitement at the west part of the city had increased to such a degree that the other Professors of the institution had resolved upon a thorough exploration of the premises. For this purpose, five policemen were detached to act in unison with Mr. Ephram Littlefield, the porter of the College. There were but three apartments in the College that had not been searched—Dr. Webster's private rooms and the vault under his laboratory. The first operations were commenced upon the vault, which, from the construction of the foundation of the building, was difficult of access.

The College is erected upon a stone and brick foundation. The tide, at high water, flows under the northwesterly corner of the building, through the sea wall. There are under the first floor, brick walls running north and south and east and west. These were built upon piles, driven into the dock, and were intended as supporters, and upon them rest the heavy beams of the first floor. By these walls four distinct compartments are made. That which is directly under the laboratory, it being nearest the water, was used as a privy. To get into this vault was now the main object. There were but two ways for this—either to tear down the sea wall, or bore through the brick partitions or supporters in the basement story. The latter course was resolved upon, and on Thursday morning a drilling process was commenced. The space between the first floor and the earth being narrow, on the first day very little progress was made, as but one man could work at a time. By Thursday evening, an opening, sufficient to admit a man, was made, through which Mr. Kingsley and others entered, and proceeded in the direction of the vault under the laboratory; but before obtaining access to it, another wall had to be broken through. Operations on this were adjourned until the following morning.

On Friday, owing to the presence of Professor Webster on the premises, the business was deferred until his departure in the afternoon. [It was part of the policy of all concerned—officers of the law as well as the officers of the institution—to keep from the Professor all knowledge of the suspicions against him.] At four o'clock, the second wall was attacked, and there being more room to work than at the first, a breach was made through it in less than an hour. Mr. Littlefield entered the vault, and found, directly under the privy seat, portions of a human body, viz: the bone from the small of the back to the thigh joints, the right thigh, and right leg.

These fragments were carried up, and diligent search was made through all parts of the vault, but nothing further was found. The City Marshal and several Aldermen were present at this time, (five o'clock Friday evening) and the Mayor and County Attorney were summoned. Upon the arrival of the Mayor, the laboratory was opened, and suspicions were soon heightened to such a pitch that not a doubt remained upon the mind of any person present that murder had been committed.

In a small furnace in the laboratory were discovered pieces of human bone—parts of the skull of a man—some false teeth—some coat buttons, bits of melted gold and silver. [The gold was supposed to have been the case of a watch! It is stated that Dr. Parkman carried a gold watch; it is known that he wore artificial teeth.

A warrant was immediately issued for the arrest of Professor Webster. Officer Clapp, accompanied by officers Starkweather and spurr, proceeded in a carriage to Cambridge. Dr. Webster was found at his house, and the officers stated to him that his attendance was required in Boston, to assist in the investigation on the subject of Dr. Parkman. He complied readily, and entered the carriage with the officers, who did not inform him that he was under arrest till they had reached the jail in Leveret-street.

At this announcement, he evinced much agitation, but did not then, or at any subsequent period to the night, utter any of the language that has been attributed to him, nor did he accuse any body of being an "infernal scamp," or of having "betrayed" him. The only exclamations he made use of were something like the following: "O! what will become of my family! My children can never survive this. Their father charged with such a crime!" These exclamations are surely no indications of guilt. From the jail office, he was taken into a cell, where, in company with officer Starkweather, he remained until 9 o'clock, at which hour he was waited upon by the County Attorney and others. Dr. Webster was now in a frightful state of nervous excitement, and so enfeebled that he could not walk from his cell to the jail office, and when he had become partially calmed, Mr. Parker addressed him in a most feeling manner, to the following effect: "We do not come here to distress you. It is a sad duty that devolves upon me. I come to inform you of the dreadful charge preferred against you, and the reason of your confinement within these dreary walls. It is the hope of all our hearts, that you will be enabled to explain away these terrible suspicions. We will assist you to do this if you will accompany us now to the Medical College. That you may be enabled to remove all doubts of your innocence, is my earnest prayer to God." At the conclusion of these words, Dr. Webster expressed great readiness to attend the officers to the College; but he was still so feeble from excitement that it was necessary to support him on his way to the carriage.

It was about ten o'clock at night when the party reached Grove street, and Dr. Webster, supported by two officers, guided the party first to his room up stairs, in which are kept the bottled acids, &c., for experimental purposes. This room had not been entered by any one except the Doctor, for eight days before. The room is about eighteen by twelve feet, and is immediately in the rear of the lecture-room. Nothing suspicious was observed here, and the company went to the laboratory by the back stairs, which lead directly from the door of this ante-room. Here were displayed the parts of the body which had been taken from the vault. Dr. Webster looked at them, but made no remark. All this time he was supported by two men, and the excitement which he manifested before arriving at the College was not increased by the display of the mangled limbs. The prisoner was again conducted to jail, where he was put into an apartment with two officers. A large number of policemen were detached to keep watch at the College during the night, and thus Friday's work ended.

On Saturday, the search was resumed. The Mayor and the City Marshal arrived at the Medical College about ten. A search was commenced in the ante-room, which, it will be borne in mind, was opened for the first time on the night previous. Blood stains were found in the floor, which, after close examination, were traced all the way down stairs to the laboratory. In some places indications of an attempt to obliterate the blood were visible. The steps of the stairs looked as if acid had been poured upon them. In the laboratory four men were engaged throughout the day, in examining boxes, &c, and about two o'clock, Mr. officer Fuller discovered in an obscure corner, a tin tea-chest upon a shelf, which was found to contain the trunk of a human body, and a left thigh, packed in hemlock bark, and the surface covered with minerals.

Professor Webster's department in the Medical College, is entirely distinct in itself. It has no communication whatever with the other departments of the institution, and especially the dissecting room.

At four o'clock, Coroner Pratt summoned a jury of inquest, and visited the College. After viewing the parts of the body found, examining the blood stains upon the floor, &c. the Coroner adjourned until a future day. The bones, &c. found in the furnace, were put under the charge of Drs. Lewis and Gay, who will subject them to a scientific examination. What developements these gentlemen may make will be disclosed before the Coroner's Jury. This part of the investigation will last all this day. The gentlemen composing the coroner's jury are Messrs. Osmyn Brewster, (of the firm of Crocker & Brewster,) John L. Andrews, (clerk,) Lewis Jones, (stove-dealer,) Pearl Martin, (carpet dealer,) Thomas Restieux, (apothecary,) and Hiram Merrill, (undertaker.)

The parts of the body missing—the head, neck, thorax, both arms and hands, left leg and both feet—are supposed to have been consumed in the furnace.

Since the above was written we have come in possession of the following fact, which, if not explained, will tend to form an important link in the chain of circumstances against Professor Webster. On Friday morning, Nov. 30th, between eight and nine o'clock, the Professor called at the store of Mr. Nathaniel Waterman, 83 and 85 Cornhill, and gave the dimensions of a tin box, which he desired to have made immediately. The box was to have been finished on Saturday morning, and Dr. Webster promised to call for it. The style of the box desired was such as Mr. Waterman had never before constructed, during his twenty years, experience in the tin plate business, yet no suspicions were excited. During Dr. Webster's stay in the store, Mr. Waterman asked him questions concerning Dr. Parkman, as to his appearance when the money was paid to him, &c. Dr. Webster stated that Mr. Parkman took the money in his hand and departed from the building immediately. Other conversation passed between Professor Webster and Dr. Waterman, but nothing important, and as it will perhaps be rendered entire hereafter, before the Coroner's Jury, we omit it here. The tin box ordered was larger than a tea chest—being eighteen inches square and thirteen inches deep—made so that the cover, on which is a handle, could be soldered in an easy manner. The sheets of tin which form the sides are turned over and form part of the top of the box, and the cover is a plain plate of tin, which covers the open space, and was intended as the other stated, to be soldered upon the top, thus making the box perfectly tight.

The medical gentlemen who have charge of the remains were on duty at the institution yesterday, to prepare and fit the discovered parts for examination by the coroner's jury. It is understood that the strongest points of identification will be two pieces of the jaw and teeth. Dr. Keep arranged Dr. Parkman's teeth a short time since, and the mould is in possession of the former, who is stated to be now absent from the city. We understand that the stains in the floor and stairs were examined during the afternoon, and that they were pronounced to have been caused by blood.

The only new discovery made at the College yesterday afternoon was the finding of a pair of pantaloons spotted with blood. The name of J. W. Webster was written on the lining of the waistband.

We heard from Leverett street jail last evening. Dr. Webster had become more calm, but still manifested some excitement. He slept sound during Saturday night. An officer is in his cell constantly.

The excitement created on Saturday morning did not last over night. The disclosure of the College formed the general subject of conversation yesterday, but there was not at any time—to our knowledge—either on Saturday, or yesterday, any indication of riot displayed. The largest collection of people at the College, at any one time, did not exceed one hundred and fifty persons, and many of the visiters were most respectable citizens. The military received orders at an early hour, on Saturday, to be in readiness in their armories. This order was not confined to the Boston companies alone. Two companies of Infantry at Roxbury received a similar order, and were "up in arms" all Saturday night.

The circumstances connected with this mysterious affair now form the all-absorbing theme of discourse in this city and neighborhood. A cloud of obscurity hangs over the whole, and each individual fashions every particular of evidence of rumor into an agreement with some pre-conceived hypothesis of his own. Dr. Webster's friends are strong in their belief of his innocence. The supposition that a person could pass through a life of more than fifty years unsullied by crime, and plunge in a single instant into the commission of a frightful atrocity like the supposed murder of Dr. Parkman, is one which the mind stubbornly rejects. Such a moral and mental metamorphosis would be, certainly, one of the most extraordinary phenomena yet exhibited by the history of the human mind.

DR. WEBSTER'S CASE. From the Courier of Tuesday we copy the following:

DR. PARKMAN. We have no new facts to communicate this morning, in relation to the supposed tragedy at the Medical College. The Committee of Physicians are still occupied in analysing the bones found in the furnace, and investigating such other matters as come properly before them. Their labors will probably end to-day, and the Coroner's Jury will commence the examination of witnesses to-morrow. There are plenty of rumors of circumstances connected with the tragedy, but many of them are unworthy of consideration. The evidence before the Coroner's Jury will be sufficient for the time, though it may not prevent people from taking strong sides, as they may be prompted by their feelings or prejudices.

Professor Webster, in custody of Sheriff Eveleth, was brought into the Police Court, yesterday, at half past one o'clock, for examination.—There was nothing unusual in his demeanor while in court. His counsel, Franklin Dexter, Esq., read in a low tone of voice the charge preferred against him, whereupon Dr. Webster waived the examination of witnesses, and was ordered by the presiding Judge to be committed for trial on the first day of January.

WEDNESDAY. DR. PARKMAN'S CASE. The jury of inquest summoned to investigate the circumstances connected with the death of Dr. George Parkman, met at ten o'clock yesterday morning, in the Ward Room of Ward 7, Court square.—The press was represented by about a dozen strong, but in compliance with the request of all parties concerned, both the friends of the deceased and the friends of Professor Webster, Coroner Pratt announced that it was his intention to conduct the examination of witnesses in this case with closed doors, for the present at least.

THURSDAY. On Monday afternoon the witnesses were summoned before the Police Court and ordered to recognize in the usual sum for their appearance before the Grand Jury, to give evidence. Ephraim Littlefield was required to find surety in the sum of $2000 to secure his attendance as a witness when the trial of Prof. Webster came on. Messrs. Alvan Adams, (of Adams & Co's Express) Leonard Fuller, (foundery-man at the West End) and Charles M. Kingsley, became his sureties.

The family of Dr. Parkman have ascertained to their entire satisfaction that the mutilated body found in the laboratory of the Medical College, is that of their missing relative. An order was given yesterday to Undertaker Merrill to prepare a leaden coffin, in which the remains are to be interred on Friday. The body was identified by certain marks on its lower extremity. In regard to the mineral teeth found in the furnace, Dr. Keep, who returned to the city yesterday, pronounced, after a careful examination, that they are the idential articles which he prepared for Dr. Parkman about a month since. The teeth compare exactly with the mould in Dr. Keep's office. Other developments have been made, but as they are not yet certified, we await the testimony to be adduced before the Coroner's jury, which body commence their examination of witnesses this morning, at ten o'clock.

Dr. Webster has stated to the jailer that he is entirely ignorant how the parts of a human body found in his laboratory came there, and protests his innocence of the dreadful crime preferred against him. He has spent the last two days in reading. His friends are allowed to visit him daily, and we learned last evening that he was quite buoyant in spirits.

MORE DEVELOPMENTS IN THE PARKMAN TRAGEDY.

The House of Prof. Webster again Searched—Discovery of a Note for $2400 belonging to Dr. Parkman—the Chain of evidence Complete.

Owing to information, obtained, it is said by some person employed at the jail overhearing a conversation between Prof. Webster and his counsel, officers Clapp and Hopkins were despatched last evening to make a general examination of the house of the professor at Cambridge.

The movements of the officers were made with great secrecy and rapidity. On alighting at the residence of Prof. Webster, they requested to be shown the desk in which he kept his private papers, exhibiting their authority for a thorough search of the premises, if found necessary. Mrs. Webster received them politely, and interposed no objection to the search, but readily pointed them to the desk. On opening it they discovered beneath a quantity of other papers, *the identical note for $487, which Prof. Webster has stated he took up on the Friday that Dr. Parkman was last seen to enter the Medical College.* So far as the finding of this note is concerned, it only corroborates what Prof. Webster has stated in regard to taking it up. But a further search produced evidence of a more startling description.

Also *another note payable to Dr. Parkman, for $2400, dated in 1847 and becoming due in 1851!* The note was secured by mortgage.—We could not learn the month or day of the month the note was dated, but the fact that a note for the above sum, running five years and payable in 1851, was yesterday discovered among Prof. Webster's papers, is true and beyond question.

The above important papers secured, officers Clapp and Hopkins pursued their search no farther, but returned to the city.

The back of this last named note contained numerous endorsements, but to what amount, or whether sufficient to cover the face of it, we have not yet been able to learn. It certainly looks exceeding dark against Prof. Webster.

Another statement is, that the note was fully liquidated by the endorsements on the back, and that the note for $487 was the only demand which Dr. Parkman held against the accused on the day he mysteriously disappeared.

When the *injunction* is removed from the press, the public excitement will be allayed by a full statement of all the facts in the case.

During last week several checks, drawn by Dr. Webster, on the Cambridge bank, were presented at the counter of that institution for payment, but the teller's invariable answer was "Mr. Webster has no money here, nor has he had for some time." We were shown a check yesterday drawn in favor of Mr. Cummings, blacksmith in Cambridge street, for $9.15 that was refused some ten days since.

☞ On Monday afternoon Professor Webster was arraigned in the Police Court on the complaint of Charles M. Kingsley in the following terms:

To James C. Merrill Esq, one of the Justices of the Peace for Suffolk county, &c. &c.

Under oath complains, Charles M. Kingsley, trader, of Boston, that at said Boston on the twenty-third day of November inst., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, George Parkman of said Boston, physician, became missing, and hath not since been found; and the complainant hath reason to believe that he was last seen alive going into the Medical College in said Boston; that upon search being made in said Medical College in said Boston, certain portions of a human body, freshly dead, have been found under or near a private part thereof, under the immediate care and in the possession of said John W. Webster. That said Parkman, by appointment and at the request of said Webster, went to said College to transact pecuniary business with said Webster; that said Parkman hath never been seen to come out of said College since he entered it, about two of the clock on Friday afternoon the said twenty-third day of November in the year aforesaid. That this complainant hath reason to believe, and does believe that said George Parkman hath been feloniously killed and murdered.

And this complainant doth further allege that he hath probable cause to suspect, and doth suspect that said John W. Webster, of said Boston, on the twenty-third day of November, in the year of our Lord on thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, of his malice afore-thought, in and upon the said George Parkman, feloniously did make an assault, and him the said Parkman, then and there of his malice, afore-thought, feloniously did kill and murder in some way and manner, and with some weapon to the complainant unknown. Wherefore said complainant prays, that a warrant in due form of law may be issued for the arrest of said Webster, and that he may be farther dealt with as to law and justice may appertain.

(Signed) CHARLES M. KINGSLEY.

The above was read to the prisoner by his counsel, Hon. Franklin Dexter, by whose advice he waived an examination. He was then remanded to Jail to await the action of the Grand Jury, at the January term of the Municipal Court.

The Courier of yesterday has the following:

RUMORED DEVELOPMENTS. Derastus Clapp and others of the police, made a third examination of the dwelling house of Professor Webster, on Garden street, Cambridge, on Wednesday evening, and it is rumored that they found several papers of great importance to the government law officers. What the precise character of these developments are we have not been able to learn—but are told that some of the papers found in Professor Webster's desk, were of such a purport as to leave no doubt that they were taken from Dr. Parkman's person. This is not very definite. It seems strange that the police, in their first and second searches of Professor Webster's house, should omit the examination of his desk. Another story is told about 'an anonymous letter,' said to have been received by the City Marshal, "which letter has been compared with paper found in Professor Webster's desk, and the fragments of which exactly match." Of the contents of "the anonymous letter" we can learn nothing. As it is impossible to ascertain anything definite of these reported disclosures, we give them merely as they come to us, with the remark that they must be received with some doubt.

PROFESSOR WEBSTER'S COUNSEL. It is reported that in addition to Hon. F. Dexter, B. R. Curtis and E. D. Sohier, Esqrs. have been retained as counsel for Prof. Webster.

THE FUNERAL OF DR. PARKMAN took place yesterday morning from his late residence, No. 8 Walnut street. Rev. Dr. Peabody of the Stone Chapel, was the officiating clergyman. The remains, embalmed in liquid, were put into a leaden coffin, and were temporarily deposited in a tomb under the Trinity Church. The funeral was strictly private, none but the near relatives attending. The inscription on the coffin record was in these words:—"George Parkman, Nov. 23, 1849, aged 59 years 10 months, son of Samuel and Sarah Parkman."

CONGRESSIONAL.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Dec. 3. The President's Message is in the hands of the printer, and occupies seven columns of the Republic.

The SENATE met at noon, and was called to order by Mr. Fillmore Prayer by Rev. Mr. Slicer.

The following Senators appeared and took their seats:—Messrs. Feleh, Hamlin, Jefferson Davis, Mangum, Downs, Walker, Dawson, Cass, Foote, Henry Dodge, A. C. Dodge, Jones, Butler, Hunter, Mason, Atchison, Cooper, John Davis, Green, Phelps, Smith, Upham, Hall, Clay, Norris, Sturgeon, Bell, Baldwin, Miller, Clark, Chase, Badger, Corwin, Pierce, Calhoun, Miller, Whitcomb, Yulee—38. On motion, the Senate resolved to meet at twelve.

Mr. Underwood presented the credentials of Hon. Henry Clay, who, after being duly qualified, took his seat.

Mr. Shield's credentials were also presented by Mr. Mangum, who also took his seat. The Senate then being organized, an adjournment took place.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. Mr. Campbell, the Clerk of the last House, called the roll; 219 answered to their names. The absentees were Messrs. Wilmot of Pensylvania; Sheppard, Whig, of North Carolina; King, Whig, of Georgia; Julian, Free Soiler, of Indiana; Alston, Whig, and Hubbard, Democrat, of Alabama; Brown, Democrat, of Mississippi; Gentry, Whig, of Tennessee; Boyd, Democrat, of Kentucky; and Morton, Whig, of Virginia. The House then proceeded to ballot for Speaker, with the following result:—

	Winthrop.	Cobb.	Wilmot.	Gentry.	Scat.
First Ballot	96	103	3	6	13
Second Ballot	96	102	8	6	9
Third Ballot	96	102	7	6	10
Fourth Ballot	96	102	7	6	10

At 3 o'clock the House adjourned.

Tuesday December 4th, 1849.

IN SENATE, Vice President Fillmore presiding, Messrs. Dayton, Sebastian, Rusk and Turney appeared and took their seats.

IN THE HOUSE, the balloting for Speaker was resumed. On the 1st ballot, Messrs. Cobb and Winthrop received the same as yesterday.—Whole number of votes 224.

On the second ballot for Speaker, the vote was —Cobb 101; Winthrop 97; Gentry and Hopking 3; Wilmot 5. Whole number 224.

The letter from the Secretary of the Treasury transmitting the estimates of the year, is on the desk of the members.

On the third ballot for Speaker, the whole number of votes were 224. Mr. Winthrop had 97, and Mr. Cobb 100. On the fourth ballot, Mr. Winthrop had 97, and Mr. Cobb 99. Fifth ballot, Mr. Winthrop had 97, and Mr. Cobb 100. Sixth ballot, the vote stood Winthrop 97, and Cobb 99.

The House adjourned.

Wednesday, Dec. 5.

On the second ballot, Cobb had 97 votes; Winthrop, 97; Wilmot, 3; Gentry, 5; Richardson, 4; Potter, 5; Mason, 1; Allen, 1; Root, 7; Stanton, 1; Booth, 1; Harmanson, 1; whole number 223.

On the third ballot,—Cobb had 93, and Winthrop, 98. Mr. Andrew Johnson offered a resolution providing that a plurality should elect. Mr. Holmes of South Carolina, opposed this upon the ground that the principle was dangerous. Mr. Ashum of Massachusetts, proposed the plurality system and the vote by ballot. The first of these proposals was lost, and the other laid upon the table.

Mr. Venable, of Tennessee, offered a resolution providing, that if there was no choice upon the next ballot, that the house should then elect from the *four* highest candidates; and if they then failed, from the *two* highest. This resolution was laid upon the table.

On the fourth ballot, Mr. Cobb had 89 votes; Winthrop, 99; Potter, 10; Richardson, 8; Cleveland, 3; Gentry and Allen, 1 each—211 in all. The House then adjourned.

Thursday, Dec. 6th.

Senate—In the Senate, Hon. Mr. Fillmore presiding, Mr. Calhoun presented the credentials of Jeremiah Clemens of Alabama, who was qualified and took his seat. Adjourned.

House. In the House of Representatives, the Clerk presiding, Hon. Mr. Clernand of Illinois offered a resolution adopting the rules of the last session temporarily, and that Linn Boyd of Kentucky officiate as Chairman, until a Speaker is elected, with power only to preserve order. The resolution was debated at length.

After debate, the resolutions were laid upon the table. Mr. Stanton of Tennessee offered a resolution, substituting Mr. Vinton. Balloting proceeded. On the first ballot Cobb had 89, Winthrep 101, Tuck 6, Richardson 9, Potter 10, Cleveland 2, Gentry 5, Bocuck 1, Allen 1—whole number being 225. Second ballot—Cobb 73, Winthrop 100, Potter 16, Richardson 19. Third ballot—Winthrop 100, Cobb 66, Richardson 25, Potter 17. Fourth ballot—Winthrop 100, Cobb 60, Richardson 26, Potter 17. Tuck 9, Gentry 5. There being no choice, the House adjourned.

LOWELL CALIFORNIANS RETURNED.—The following immigrants to California, who left this city in January last for that region, have recently returned, having left San Francisco in the Oregon, on the 1st of October, viz.:—S. H. Sargeant, Mr. Cram, W. H. Potter, J. H. Blake, W. H. Morrill, Mr. Dustin. They do not give a very favorable account of affairs at the gold regions, and are very earnest in their opinion, that it is for no one's advantage or interest to leave home for California. [Lowell Courier.

COLLISION AT SEA.—The ship Galena, from New Orleans 22d ult., came in collision with the British brig Charles, from Cardiff, bound to Wilmington, instantly reduced the latter to a complete wreck, so that she sunk in about three minutes. Seven of the crew were drowned.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Daniel Allen of Sandwich to Miss Phebe Dillingham of Boston; Mr Charles W. Wedger to Miss Frances E. Sullivan.

Nov. 29, Mr Bartholomew Gallagher to Miss Bridget Welch; Mr Fitz W. Davis to Miss Mary L. Butler, both of Gloucester, Mass; Mr Rufus F. Lee to Miss Caroline A. Estes; by Rev Dr Young, Capt Thomas W. Wyman of the U. S. N., to Miss Harriet S., daughter of the late Dr Lemuel Hayward, of this city.

Nov. 25, Lewis Briggs, Jr., to Emily F., daughter of Edward Kendall, Esq., all of Boston.

In Nashua, 6th inst, by Rev L. C Browne, Charles C. Smith of Waltham, to Maria J. Powers of Weston.

Nov. 29, Mr Henry A. McGlenen to Miss Caroline M., daughter of Cyrus Bruce, Esq., all of this city; Mr Luther Ames of North Bridgewater to Miss Mary Ann Spinney of Boston; Mr Jacob B. Sanborn of Lebanon, Me., to Miss Mary T. T. Fairbanks of Somerville; Mr John S. Collins to Miss Jernsha A. Hanson, both of Charlestown; Mr Wm H. Holden to Miss Percenta Thompson, both of Charlestown; Mr Charles T. Stevens to Miss Sarah A. Sargent.

Nov. 28, Mr Charles H. Shepard of this city to Miss M. H. Pray of Lebanon, Me.

Nov. 30, Mr Jonathan Butterfield, printer, of Boston, to Miss Rebecca Codman of Brookline.

In South Boston, 4th inst, Mr Hall J. How to Miss Mary R. Burrill.

In Somerville, Nov. 29, N. Carleton Hawkins, of the firm of Miller, Allen & Co., to Amelia L., daughter of John G. Magoon, Esq., all of S.

In Brighton, Nov. 27, Mr Charles Coolidge of Cambridge to Miss Mary, daughter of James Greenwood, Esq.

Nov. 29, Mr Wm A. Phipps of Newton to Miss Mary S. Claflin of Brighton.

At Newton Corner, Dec. 3, Mr George W. Bacon of Newton, to Miss Eliza B. Churchill, daughter of Mr Feleg Churchill.

In Roxbury, Dec. 4, Capt. James Morris to Miss Mary Ann Cogswell.

In Danvers, on Sunday evening, Dec. 2, by Rev T. Street, Mr William G. Peabody to Miss Martha A. Tufts.

In Stoughton, Nov. 29, by Rev Isaac Smith, Mr Horace W. Bixby of Chelsea, Vt., to Miss Jerusha H. May of Canton.

In Stoughton, Nov. 29, Mr Newell S. Bixby of Chelsea, Vt., to Miss Lucy May of Canton.

In Nantucket, Dec. 2, Mr Joseph H. Hanford, of Newton Upper Falls, to Miss Phebe Ann Coffin, of the former place.

In Providence, Nov. 29, Mr F. A. Steele, of this city, to Miss Sarah G. Storer of this city, formerly of Saco, Me.

In South Reading, Joseph W. Bancroft, Esq., to Miss Sarah E. Price of Boston.

In Weston, Dec. 4, William P. Brintnall of New York to Miss Mary P. Field of W.

In Hopkinton, Dec. 3, Mr A. G. Greely of this city to Miss Caroline Augusta Mirick of H.

In Athol, Nov. 29, Mr George T. Littlefield of Chelsea, to Miss Ann, daughter of E. Thorp, Esq., of A.

In Nashua, N. H., Nov. 27, Mr Franklin Kidder of Cambridge, Mass., to Miss Sarah S. Wiun of Townsend Mass.

In Providence, Nov. 22, Mr Joseph T. Haskins, formerly of the Washington House, to Miss Mary Jane Hobson, both of Newburyport.

DEATHS.

In this city, Dec. 4, Mr John Curtis, 68; Mary Ann Faxon, 41 years 9 months 4 days, wife of William Faxon, North Bridgewater.

Dec. 3, Mr Daniel Sweetser, 59, formerly of South Reading; Adam H. Rupp, 29.

Dec. 4, Mrs Sarah Ann, wife of Mr A. L. Moore, and only daughter of E. B. Snelling, 31.

Dec. 3, Almira, daughter of William P. and Almira Spence, 13 mos.

Nov. 27, of typhoid fever, Mr Henry A. Hobbs, 35.

Nov. 30, Mary Louisa, only child of Henry and Eunice G. Carter, 3 mos.

Dec. 4, of erysipelas, Mr Henry S. Ballard, eldest son of John Ballard, 37.

Dec. 5, of typhus fever, Edward King, only son of Thomas P. and Abigail B. Pulsifer.

In Chelsea, Dec. 5, Mr Charles Routh, architect, of this city, 49.

In Charlestown, Dec. 1, Mrs Harriet, wife of Mr Daniel Laing, 55.

In Milton, Nov. 29, Miss Sarah Tucker, 93.

At Point Shirley, Dec. 3, at the residence of her son-in-law, (Daniel Long, Esq.,) widow Jane Shewell, 90.

In Chaset, Dec. 3, George Bartlett, 51.

In Brookline, Nov. 30, Mr Robert Johnson, 81, a native of St. Thomas's Parish, South Carolina.

In Waltham, Nov. 23, Alfred Henry, son of John P. and Elizeth Stearns, 4 yrs 1 month 12 days.

In Stoughton, Benjamin Bisbee, 70, a soldier of the revolution.

In Ashby, Dec. 1, Mrs Fidelia D. Hitchcock, wife of Dr. Alfred Hitchcock, 37.

In Rehoboth, Nov 26, Mr Isaac Pierce, 86.

In Bradford, Nov. 22, Miss Lucy Doane, 18, daughter of Hon. John Doane of Orleans.

At Ossipee Corner, N. H., Nov. 27, Mr J. Willard Stiles Pitman, late of this city, 22

dvanced; sales of Northern at
Southern, 32a33c per bu.

ening—Flour quiet at 4,75a5 for
ern; 5,12a5,38 for pure Gene-
Southern 5,12a5,38; Rye Flour
2060 bls Rye Canadian Flour

Mediterranean Genesee, at 1a1c;
Rye lower; 58a59, with sales
choice four-rowed barley sold
Oats quiet, at 4a4½c; Corn
ed) 59a60c for Western and

Sales 560 bls in small lots for
, and a few river orders; quo-
on Saturday.
7000 bu good two-rowed at 80
ices of buyers, 86c was of-
of Western mixed; no sales
store 125 a 126c is asked; a
56c; Rye lower, with sales 1300

N MARKET.

THURSDAY, Dec. 6.

an, on Friday morning, at 10
ck.]

ding those remaining from last
ridge market on Wednesday.

stimated by the seller as high
ir from 8½ a 9c. Inferior from
ough prices ranged a little low-
here were purchasers for near-
ers and steers, but declined pur-
anded. Nearly all sold at a

rly 12,000 at Market.

old at 80 cents—others $1.00,
ra of about one hundred, sold
weigh 55 pounds each, dress-
d to bring over $5.00 each.
and remain unsold.
t and a fair advance in price,

ATTLE MARKET.

Wednesday, Dec. 5.

he Boston Courier.]

out 700 Beeves, and 1950 Stores,
Cows and Calves, Yearlings, 3

ers, $6 per cwt; first quality, $5
hird quality, $4.
50); No 1, $7; No 2, $2 50.
50, 57, 70, 80 a 90.
25, 27 a 32.
to 3 years old, $10, 12, 14, 17, 21
6, 20, 29 a 38.
et market, nearly all of which
$5, 5 50, 4, 4 50. By lot—1000
1056 at $4 84.
a 5c.

a more active than at any time
ers came over the Fitchburg
Boston and Lowell Railroad.
Horses and Poultry.
e, Maine, 250 Cattle, and 300
shire, 275 Cattle, and 700
457 Cattle, and 6000 Sheep and
Cattle, and 250 Sheep and
e, and 700 Sheep and Lambs.
nd Lambs, 11,950.

KET, Dec. 3d.—Offered, 1800
the remainder chiefly from the
s, and 6500 Sheep and Lambs.
ate of the weather has prevent-
ttendance of the trade, and the
dull; sales of retailing qualities
mated that the number left
quite 300; a lot of 40 head were
ndis; Cows and Calves.—The
newhat, though there is enough
ands of the trade; prices this
ge at from 8 20 to 31a49,50; all
here Lots been a fair business
e firm at from 1,35 to 2,75a3
ubs; left over, 1000.

F STOCKS.

EDNESDAY.

AWRENCE BROWN & SONS.]

ash;
per sh;
2 per ct adv;
ash.
ston Railroad Bond, 91 per cent.

OKER'S BOARD.

hursday.]

R RR, 30 a 30½;
Assumpsic RR, 75a75½;
14½;
R, 36½a36¾;
RR, 109½;

Unio];

Kennebec RR, 60;
RR, 92½;

RR, s 50 d 47;
s, 47½;
al RR, No 1, 2 64;
No 2, 1-16;
droad Bonds, 70.

ET, Dec. 3. [For the week.]
demand and limited supply,
of 950 bls at 117c, 755 bls at
ers; a parcel of 750 bls (in-
a re-sale) also on private terms;
hands in the country, (exclu-
ntucket) in 3720 bls, viz—New
, Westport 900 bls; a sale of
made at 117c, cash; While in
pward; sales 560 bls N. West
, and 1550 bls at a price not
ale to know; Extra Wheat
Bleached Winter Elephant
and ea—Sperm are in good de-
rates; sales of 420 bls at 37c,
; a sale of 200 bbls a few days

le Quincy Market.]

SIONS.

Do. West'n, ⅌ lb.... 8@.. 9
Lard, best, ⅌ lb.... 6½@.. 7
Do. West'n, keg
⅌ lb.... 6@.. 6½
Veal, ⅌ lb..... 4@7.. 10
Calves, whole.... 4@.. 8
Lamb, ⅌ lb..... 5@.. 7
Mutton, ⅌ lb..... 4@.. 6
Sheep, whole, ⅌ lb.... 4@.. 6
Chickens, ⅌ lb.... 10@.. 12
Turkeys, ⅌ lb..... 10@.. 12
Pigeons, ⅌ doz..... 12½@.. 18
Geese, Mongl.... 100@ 150

ABLES.

Onions, ⅌ bus..... 40@.. 50
Beets, bush..... 40@.. 50
Beans, ⅌ bush.... 150@ 200
Parsley, ⅌ box.... 6@.. 8

IT.

Oranges, ⅌ box 4 00@ 5 00
Lemons, ⅌ box 4 00@ 4 50
Figs, ⅌ lb..... 8@.. 10

ide Quincy Market.]

, LARD, &c.

Ohio Mess..... 11 00@11 50
Do. Prime ..... 9 50@10 00
Boston Lard, in
bbls, ⅌ lb..... 7½@.. 8
Ohio do., do., do.... 7½@.. 7¾
Hams, Bos'n, ⅌.... 10@.. 11
Do., Ohio, ⅌ lb.... 10@.. 11
Tongues, ⅌ bbl 20 00@25 00

SE AND EGGS.

Cheese, best, ton 6½@.. 7½
Do, common, ton.... 5@.. 6
Eggs, ⅌ 100 doz.... 20@.. 21

EGETABLES.

Onions, ⅌ bush.... 60@.. 67
Pickles, ⅌ bbl.... 2 00@2 50
Peppers, ⅌ bbl.... 2 00@3 00
Mangoes, ⅌ bbl.... 2 00@2 50

r Prices.]

ES.

African, ⅌ lb 12..@..13½
Calcutta Cow's,
salted, each.... 70@.. 80
Do. dry..... 60@.. 65

Y.

Eastern pressed,
⅌ ton (cargo) 11 00@11 50
Straw, 100 lbs.... 55@.. 60

S.

1848,2d sort.... ..@.. ..

HER.

Boston, red.... .. 14@.. 16
Do., slaughter.. .. 17@.. 18
Sole, hemlock.. .. 17@.. 17½
Do. heavy..... .. ..@.. 16

E

l'Etang, St. Geo
no. white Pp.... ..@.. ..
Do. 1st quality.... ..@.. ..

OL.

Com. to ♮ blood.... 27@.. 29
Lambs, super.... .. 33@.. 35
Do. 1st quality.... .. 28@.. 31
Do. 2d do..... .. 21@.. 27
Do. 3d do..... .. 14@.. 17

DS.

Prices.

" white ♮ ....@..20
Lucerne, or....
French "
Timothy, or Herds
Grass, ⅌ bush.... 3 50@ 3 62½
Red Top, bush.... ..@.. 1 25
North'n .... ..@.. ..
" South'n .... ..@.. ..
Orch'd Grass.... ..@.. 2 50
Seed Wheat, bu.... ..@.. 2 00
Winter Rye, ".. 1 00@ 1 10

SLAVERY IN CALIFORNIA. The Rochester (N. Y.) papers contain a letter from California, written by a lawyer who formerly resided in that city, in which he says that he had succeeded in obtaining a judicial decision in relation to negro slavery in that territory. His statement is, that he was engaged to sue a colored man who was held there as a slave, for a sum of money advanced to have been deposited with him, or to institute proceedings against the master, as the case might require. The application for the necessary writs was made to the Alcalde of Sacramento city, who is described as a sensible man and a good lawyer, and an emigrant from one of the slave states. Upon making the application, he raised the question whether the negro was a slave; for if so, no action could be maintained against him, and the money was, in the eye of the law, the property of the master. The Alcalde held that the Mexican law prohibited slavery in California, that there was no law to the contrary, and ordered the writ to issue against the negro.

REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL. The Philadelphia Ledger of Monday publishes in advance the Postmaster General's Report, which occupies three and a half columns of that paper in fine print. Increase of post offices for the past year, 588; postmasters appointed, 6333, of which [illegible] removed. Revenue, $4,904,000; appropriations unexpended, $265,000. Expenditure, $4,479,000, balance in Treasury, $691,000. Estimated expenses of current year, $4,859,000; revenue, $4,892,000. Balance next June, $1,033,000. It recommends a uniform rate of five cents, and the employment of additional clerks. The Department is in a flourishing condition. The Report denounces all railroad monopolies.

Messrs. Brown of Mississippi Hubbard of Alabama, Sheppard of North-Carolina, Alston of Alabama, and Gentry of Tennessee, arrived last night.

THE STORM AT NEW YORK. The Journal of Commerce says:

The storm which commenced on Sunday evening proved a violent Northeaster. After the snow had covered the ground to the depth of an inch, it commenced raining, and has continued without intermission up to this time. We have not yet heard of any material damage to the shipping from the violence of the wind. The tides are very full, covering all the piers in the lower part of the city. The outer end of Vanderbilt's dock, pier 1, E. R, has been lifted up by the tide, but is not seriously damaged. Crowds of men, boys, and dogs, are amusing themselves along the docks, killing rats, of which, a very large quantity have been destroyed. The storm has interrupted communication by the Telegraph lines East and South. Those northward are working as far as Buffalo.

LONGEVITY OF QUAKERS. A correspondent of the Daily News says, that on looking through the reports of deaths inserted in the Friend, just out for November, a monthly journal of the Society of Friends, he was much struck with the remarkable longevity there displayed, for out of seventeen members whose deaths and ages were reported, the united ages of ten amounted to no less than 809 1-2 years, or an average of eighty-one years to each individual, the greatest age reaching ninety-three years, and the least seventy-three years.

APPOINTMENT TO THE MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT. Hon. James Brooks, editor of the Express, has set an example to public men having offices in their gift, that we hope they will not be slow to follow. Mr. Brooks has the privilege of appointing a cadet to West Point, and has, we hear, been beset by many wealthy and influential families to bestow it on their sons.—The Mr. Brooks has refused to do. He has given the appointment to the Faculty of the Free Academy, with instructions to bestow it on the most deserving student. [Tribune.

SUICIDE. Mr. John V. Woolley, assistant barkeeper at the Montgomery House, committed suicide on Saturday evening, between eight and nine o'clock, in his bed-chamber, by hanging.—Mr. Woolley had been sick some time previous, and was recovering from brain fever. It was supposed that he was delirious at the time he destroyed his life.

MURDER AND ROBBERY. Nathan Adler, a peddler, of Syracuse, N. Y., is supposed to have been murdered near Auburn, for the sake of gain. Two young men, in whose possession was found jewelry to a considerable amount, and clothing which had belonged to Adler, have been arrested. The body has not been found, and it is supposed to have been sunk in Cayuga lake.—Two hundred persons have been in search of it.

The coroner's jury at New Orleans, in the case of the explosion on board the steamboat Louisiana, believe that the second engineer was grossly negligent of his duty, and that the captain was highly culpable for permitting the first engineer to be absent when the boat started.

John C. Lewis, Speaker of the last Connecticut House of Representatives, died at the residence of his brother, in New Haven, on Wednesday, aged 49. He had but recently undergone a critical surgical operation, with the hope that a fatal result from a malignant tumor might be avoided.

Rev. Peter Rogers, aged ninety-nine years four months and ten days, died in Waterloo, Ill., on the 4th ult. He was one of Washington's Life Guard, in the war of Independence, and perhaps the last of that noble band.

John Price, charged with the murder of George Washington Campbell, at Baltimore, has been found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to fourteen years and six months in the penitentiary.

STATE PRISON. We learn from the Bunker Hill Aurora, that there are now about four hundred convicts in the prison, being a hundred more than the new prison will accommodate, and that the dilapidated and insecure cells of the old prison are put in requisition to secure this unequalled increase of criminals at the ratio of three or four to a cell.

DONATION. Mayor Bigelow has purchased and caused to be placed upon the new schoolhouse which bears his name, at South Boston, a costly and beautiful clock.

RESURRECTIONISTS. Three young medical students were arrested at Syracuse last week in a room occupied by them as a dissecting room, having in their possession the body of a young German woman who died, recently, of ship fever.

Mrs. Noble, of East Cambridge, while at the Maine Railroad Depot on Saturday, had her pocket picked of a purse containing $30.

Dr. Babcock has resigned the charge of the First Baptist Church, New Bedford, to accept the financial secretaryship of the American and Foreign Christian Union.

A picker in the Salisbury flannel factory burst on Monday morning last, scattering its fragments in all directions. Some of the pieces struck Mr. Jacob Gale, breaking his wrist and thumb. Fortunately no other person was injured.

IMPUDENT. A fellow who was kicked down three pair of stairs for using improper language at an evening party, sent up a note requesting the man who did it to inform him where he purchased his boots.

LOST. Samuel H. Peckham, of Worcester, a lad 16 years old, left his father's house on the 23d of November, and has not since been heard from.

THE ALLEGED SOMERVILLE INCENDIARIES.—H. D. Blaisdell, Henry Luther, and Nathaniel Mullen were examined before Justice Willard, in Charlestown, yesterday. The charges against them are the firing of Mr. Tufts's barn, and the writing of threatening letters to sundry parties. Blaisdell, in consequence of a quarrel with Luther and Mullen, has turned State's evidence; but to secure his testimony at the time of trial, he was, with the others, ordered to give bail in $2,000 for his appearance. Abraham Wells, who was arrested upon the same charges, was discharged previous to the examination. The letters received by Mr. Tufts and others, not only threatened the destruction of property, but of life.

The fishing season for this year has now closed, and there are but a few vessels at Georges. The mackerel fleet have been enabled by the mildness of the season, to remain out two or three weeks longer than usual. A few have obtained some mackerel in consequence, but the catch throughout the state has fallen short about one-third of what it was last year. Several vessels which arrived on Wednesday night from off Chatham, state that no fish had been taken there.—Sales of Mackerel were made in this town yesterday at $11 a $11 1-8 for No. 1's, and $7 a $7 1-8 for No. 2's. [Gloucester Telegraph, Saturday.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1. The Secretaries of War and the Navy will renew the proposition which was formerly received with favor, for establishing retired lists; and the former will require an augmentation of force for the better protection of the frontier. The Postmaster General adheres to the project of reducing the ratio of postage to five cents for all distances, and of charging the free matter of Congress and the Departments upon the public Treasury. As California has accepted the regular forms of organization, it may be inferred that her admission as a State will be urged upon Congress.

GOLD DIGGERS. We learn from the National Intelligencer that, in an official report to the War Department on the civil affairs of California, General Riley estimates the number of persons actually employed in digging for gold at *ten thousand*, while the number of persons engaged in other employments at the *placers* would greatly increase this amount. The report in question will probably accompany the Message of the President, and be found to contain much valuable information.

GREATEST TRIP. The Alida, Capt. Stone, reached Albany on Friday last before 3 o'clock, having made the passage from Albany to New York in seven hours and fifty-four minutes, including thirteen landings, which occupied forty-eight minutes;—running time seven hours six minutes. If she had made no landings, for which more should be allowed than the mere time of stopping, she would have come up inside of seven hours. [Albany Argus.

QUICK. The Newburyport Herald states that a man took passage in a vessel from that port for California last week, who had not taken a moment's consideration of the matter beforehand.—A workman in the office of the Portsmouth Journal took the California fever while he was working off the outside of that paper, left his business, gathered his traps together, and in four hours after his determination was made he was outside the harbor, on his way to the gold diggings.

OREGON APPOINTEES. John P. Gaines, Governor, Wm. Strong, Judge, and Geo. E. Hamilton, Secretary, and their families, numbering in all twenty-four, will sail from New-York on the 24 proximo, in the United States storeship Supply. They furnish their own stores for the voyage, the government providing only for their passage.

QUICK JOURNEY. Capt. Hall of the St. Louis left St. Joseph, Mo., on the 15th of June last, and overtook the first overland emigrants at Fort Laramie; he left the "Boston Pack Company," at the Willow Spring, and he reached the diggings in 63 days, and San Francisco in 72 days after he left St. Joseph. He returned home by the Alabama, at New Orleans, satisfied that he could make a fortune quite as easily at home as in the land of gold.

Mr. James Applegate, a respectable farmer on Cranbury Neck, between Hightstown and Princeton, N. J., was murdered on Sunday evening last by a worthless fellow of some forty or fifty years, named William Petty. An inquest was held, and the jury rendered a verdict that the fatal wound was inflicted with an axe. Petty has escaped.

FIENDISH. We learn that an attempt was made, last night, to throw a train of the Fitchburg Railroad off the track, by putting a lot of rubbish on the rails near the brickyard in Somerville, where the late accident occurred by which four Irishmen were killed. Fortunately, a discovery was made in season to prevent another catastrophe. [Transcript.

NAVAL. A Portsmouth, Eng., date of Nov. 17, says—"The Hecate steamer, with Sir H. Bulwer, Envoy Extraordinary to the United States, on board, sailed yesterday morning for the Bermudas and the Potomac. The American frigate St. Lawrence has arrived at Cowes, from Bremen."

FOWL ARMY. It is estimated by the Hallowell Gazette, that in the fourteen States where Thursday last was observed as a day of Thanksgiving, over two million turkies were consumed, and an equal number of geese and chickens.—Enough, if they marched along in single file, each occupying one foot, to encircle New England.

James Watson Webb, Esq., sailed from New York on Saturday, in the packet ship Yorkshire, on his way to Vienna, where he has been appointed Chargé d'Affaires to Austria. On the 9th ult, Col. Webb was married to a daughter of Jacob Cram, the distiller. His wife and daughters accompanied him.

The Supreme Court of the United States commenced its annual term in Washington, on Monday last. Justices McLean, Catron, and Woodbury took their seats on the bench.

NEW LINE TO BOSTON. The Long Island Railroad will on the 5th inst., commence running a line across the Sound and carrying day passengers to Boston. We learn that the arrangements are excellent, and that as short a time will be made between here and Boston as on any other route. [New York Tribune.

FATAL ACCIDENT. The Providence Transcript learns that a large building, in process of erection at Waterford, tumbled down yesterday morning, killing one man and wounding eight others.

INTERNAL SLAVE TRAFFIC. The House of Representatives of Georgia have passed, by the strong vote of 94 to 29, a bill to repeal the law laying restrictions on the introduction of slaves into that State.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 4. The City Mills, stored with wheat, were crushed last night, by the heavy pressure within them. 11,000 bushels floated down the river—a total loss.

POLICE COURT. Richard Conner, colored, charged with breaking into and stealing coats from the dwelling-house of Mr. Mason Morse, Leverett street, was examined and committed for trial at the Upper Court in default of bonds in the sum of $500. William Gardiner, also colored, an old offender, for stealing money and clothing from the schooner Sarah Baker, was similarly disposed of. William Jackson, for an assault upon his brother, Eben C. Jackson, was ordered to pay a fine of $10 and cost of Court.

Daniel Collins, a hotel thief, was brought up, but his examination was postponed until to-morrow. [Courier.

WINTER.

Winter is returning with its duties, its privations, its pleasures, and its moral lessons; for it has them all. Some of its best influences come from its hardships. Its severity is a healthful discipline, and the same breath that freezes the body, by a singular inconsistency warms the heart.

"Do not scorn
My age; nor think if I appear forlorn,
I serve for no use; 'tis my sharper breath
Does purge gross exhalations fr m the earth;
My frosts and snows do purify the air
From choking fogs, make the sky clear and fair;
And though by nature cold and chill I be,
Yet am I warm in bounteous charity,
And can, good sirs, by grave and sage advice
Bring you to the happy shades of paradise."

It is winter that makes the home. In a southern climate, where simply to breathe the air is a luxury, where, excepting through the mid-day heats, there is no need of protection, where, morning and evening, one is ever tempted abroad, and to be shut up within the walls of a house is as if one were enclosed in a prison, that which we understand by the word home cannot exist. All pleasures and comforts are associated with the open air. The house is a mere place where a certain number of persons sleep and eat. The out-of-door life precludes those in-door pleasures with which we are familiar.

It is under sterner skies, amidst storm, and snow, and cold, that the true home is built up. The members of a family take refuge from the inclemency abroad in the common dwelling. There is the place of all domestic pleasures; there around the fire-side, friends and neighbors meet; and there, within the sheltering walls, while the frosty winds or driving sleet strive in vain to force an entrance, they create an Italy and an East of their own. Where nature is frozen, the human heart finds a climate of genial and loving affections.

"Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm;
Yet shall the smile of social love repay
With mental light the melancholy day."

The home is our northern privilege. Let much be made of it. Let the young find in its sacred enclosure its best pleasures, and thus let their virtuous principles be rooted among their memories of happy early days.

With winter the wants of the poor become more urgent. One of the first duties of the season, for those who have the means, is to relieve those who are in destitution. Probably there are few of our readers who cannot recall those in their near neighborhood, who are dragging on a wretched existence, deprived of nearly all that we deem essential to human comfort—some poor widow, shivering over a cold hearth-stone, some sick person unable to procure the delicacies which sickness demands, some aged person whose friends are dead or gone, and who, bowed down with infirmities, may often spend weeks at a time without a visiter crossing the threshold. In this hard and inclement season, so far as you have the power, see to it that no deserving person about you suffers for lack of food, or fuel, or raiment.

"Look on the poor
With gentle eyes, for, in such habits, often,
Angels desire an alms."

[Register.

MODEL OF JERUSALEM. A new and enlarged model of the Holy City is now on exhibition at the Tremont Temple. It gives a better idea of Jerusalem than anything of the kind we have ever seen. We spent an exceedingly pleasant hour in examining it the other evening, and while there could easily fancy ourselves to be wandering about the city it represents. It is made of wood and is about ten feet wide by thirteen long. The walls of the city, with its battlements and turrets and gates, the white domes of the houses of the town, the minarets of the Mahometans, the narrow streets of the city, the great Mosque of the Caliph Omar, the convents of the Latins, and Greeks, and Armenians, and above all the sacred Church of the Holy Sepulchre, are represented with singular fidelity. Nothing is omitted. This model includes not only the city itself, but the immediate environs. The visiter is shown the valleys of Hinnom and Jehosophat, the Mount of Olives, and the garden of Gethsemane, the village of Siloam, the hill of Evil Counsel, and all those places adjacent to Jerusalem, which are so interesting to every Christian. Even the dull and barren aspect of the country is preserved, which all, who have ever visited the city, have remarked. We cannot recommend too strongly all, who desire to get a correct idea of Jerusalem and its environs, to visit this model.

We understand that a committee has been appointed for the purpose of raising funds to be devoted to the purchase of this model from its present proprietor, Mr. Nye; and that when purchased, it will be made the nucleus or commencement of a free Scriptural Museum for the benefit of our schools and churches. We sincerely hope, that the project will succeed. Such a museum containing the illustrations, which might be procured, of Scripture history, of the Holy Land and of the early periods of the Church, would be, particularly if it were free, an invaluable acquisition to the Sunday schools of our city. Whatever money is derived from the small admission fee now charged for visiting this model, will be devoted, we are informed, to the above purpose. Thus all, who go, will attain the double object of gaining information themselves and enabling others who are less favored with means, to do the same. [Ib.

THE SOUTH BOSTON WATER WORKS.—In the last Register, there was a brief notice of the introduction of the water into the Reservoir on Beacon Hill. A few days since, the water was introduced into another and larger Reservoir in South Boston. The ceremony of its introduction was performed in the presence of the Mayor, and other members of the city government, and a crowd of some five thousand inhabitants. An ode was sung on the occasion by the children of the Mather and the Hawes Schools, and speeches made by the Mayor, and T. B. Curtis, Esq., and others. The Reservoir is located upon the lot of Telegraph Hill. According to a statement in the Journal, the lot of land purchased by the city for its location, is in the form of an ellipse, whose transverse diameter is 888 feet, and whose conjugate diameter is 600 feet. Around this lot, within the outside limits, is a street 50 feet in width. At the eastern extremity is the Reservoir, which covers, excluding the street, 2 3-4 acres; including the street, it embraces 3 4-10 acres.

The Reservoir lies at the eastern extremity of the ellipse. A promenade is laid out around the whole lot, from which the view includes the whole city and harbor of Boston and the environs as far as Chelsea and Lynn on the north, and Weymouth and Dorchester on the south.

The area of the bottom of the reservoir is 45,638 feet; the mean water area is 57,264 feet; its capacity is 7,515,900 wine gallons; and when full, the water will be 17 1-2 feet deep, and will rise within three feet of the top of the bank.

This is another magnificent work of which our citizens may be justly proud. It will last for ages, and always be one of the chief ornaments of that part of the city. [Ib.

THE NEIGHBORS; published in New York by G. P. Putnam, and sold in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

One almost wishes he had never read this delightful tale in the inconvenient, newspaper edition in which the translation first appeared, that he might have the advantage of making his first acquaintance with it through the fair page of this plump duodecimo. There are those who look back on the appearance of this first of Miss Bremer's translated works, as the beginning of the most agreeable reading-epoch in their lives. Mr. Putnam, with his usual shrewdness and enterprise, has seized on the occasion of the admired author's visit to this country, to give a new impulse to the sale of her writings. Many persons will probably seek the volume for the sake of the original American preface by Miss Bremer, alone.

INCENDIARY FIRE AT JAMAICA PLAIN.—Between seven and eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, a large barn situated on the grounds of Mr. Stephen Weld, was fired by an incendiary, and with its contents of hay, &c., was burned to the foundation. The barn was owned by Mr. John Louder, and was partly insured. The person who applied the match to this building must have been one of "Howard's" accomplices, and is supposed to have thought that the barn belonged to Mr. Weld.

At the assembling of the Medical Class in this city, at the Clinical Lecture on Monday last, Dr. Bigelow, in behalf of the Medical Professors of Harvard University, addressed them as follows:—

Gentlemen—It is with deep regret that I am obliged to announce to the Class that in consequence of the solemn and appalling events of the last week, the lectures at the Medical College will be suspended during this and the two succeeding days. This measure is rendered necessary by the existing condition of things. It is due to the present excited state of the public feeling—it is due to the majesty of the law, the investigations of which are not yet completed; above all, it is due to the memory of Dr. George Parkman, the patron and promoter of medical science, the personal friend of many of us, and the generous benefactor of our own institution.

Under any circumstances we should pause to do fitting honor to his character and virtues; but the melancholy forebodings of the last week, which have ripened into the painful conviction that he no longer survives, have cast a cloud over our whole city, of sorrow and dismay. Most of all, gentlemen, will it be felt in this school, which has been the recipient of his bounty, and towards which he has exhibited an almost paternal interest, and which is fearfully associated with the last known hours of his existence. Let us bow before the decrees of Providence, and wait on its wisdom and justice. By a vote of the Faculty, in solemn regard to the events which have happened, the ordinary exercises will be postponed, until the Clinical Lecture on next Thursday, when I shall hope to meet the Class and explain to them ulterior arrangements.

Professor Webster is 57 years of age, a native of Boston, and the son of Dr. Redfield Webster, who kept a drug store at the North end. He has always borne an unsullied reputation. All the evidence discovered, having a tendency to fix the crime upon Professor Webster, is of a circumstantial nature.

NOT A SINGLE SMITH.—In looking over the list of members of the house of representatives, we observe there are six Kings, four Thompsons, three Johnsons, three Harrises, two Caldwells, two Butlers, and two Browns, but not a single Smith.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Straw Hen's Nests, &c.

PARKER & WHITE, No. 10 Gerrish Block, Blackstone Street, have for sale 50 Straw Nests of best pattern. Also, 8 pairs Golden Poland Fowls, 1 pair White Shanghae, 1 Wild Turkey Cock—valuable to cross with the common domestic Turkey, 1 pair China Geese, &c., Poland Fowls, &c. 2w dec8

Lost,

ON the night of Nov 15th, from the pasture in Milton, two fat Cows and a Heifer. The Cows were 9 or 10 years old, one a light red, the other a chestnut color and marked H on the right rump. The Heifer, a dark red and marked X on the left loin.

Whoever will give information of the same, to JOHN COPELAND, West Bridgewater, shall be suitably rewarded. 4t* dec6

Manure for Sale.

The Subscribers offer for sale the Manure from their Stable, by the year, commencing Jan. 1st, 1850.

For terms, apply at the Stable, Bromfield Street, Boston. dec6 4w STREETER & PARKER.

Wanted

A Farm worth from $7000 to $4000 near some Railroad station within 25 miles of Boston. Also, one worth $2000, one $3000, and one worth $4000, in exchange for property in Boston or vicinity. Also, two worth from $1500 to $2000 each, for which cash will be paid.

Apply to N. MUNROE, No. 3 State Street, Boston. dec6 3w

Valuable Farm for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale one of the best Farms in Bolton, situated on Long Hill, (so called,) two miles from the centre of Bolton, and two miles from the terminus of Feltonville Railroad. It contains between 50 and 60 acres of upland, of a very superior quality, in well stocked with fruit of the choicest kinds, has a young orchard of about 200 Grafted Apple Trees, most of which are now in bearing; 100 budded and bearing Peach Trees; from 75 to 100 Pears, Plums and Cherry Trees of each five or six varieties—is well watered by never failing springs carried to the house and barn in lead pipes. There can now be kept on the place through the season 6 Cows and sell 15 tons of good English Hay, annually. Wood on the place sufficient for a family. The buildings are beautifully located, and consist of a two-story house 16 by 33, an L attached 16 by 60, divided into a kitchen 16 by 18, with a cistern of good soft water, a second room with two set boilers, a Pantry, Wood-shed, Carriage House and Granary. A Barn 36 by 55, very convenient and all in good conditon. The Farm is well fenced with a good stone wall.

Any further information personally, or by mail, given by the subscriber, OLIVER BARRETT, Jr.
Bolton, Dec. 8. tf

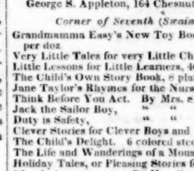
BEAUTIFUL BOOKS FOR CHILDREN, PUBLISHED BY
George S. Appleton, 164 Chesnut-street, Philadelphia.
Corner of Seventh (Strain's Buildings.)

Grandmamma Easy's New Toy Books, 12 kinds, per doz.	$1,50
Very Little Tales for very Little Children, 2 vols,	50 cts.
Little Lessons for Little Learners, 40 cents,	50 "
The Child's Own Story Book, 8 plates,	50 "
Jane Taylor's Rhymes for the Nursery, 16 plates,	50 "
Think Before You Act. By Mrs. Sherwood,	25 "
Jack the Sailor Boy, " " "	25 "
Duty is Safety, " " "	25 "
Clever Stories for Clever Boys and Girls	50 "
The Child's Delight. 6 colored steel plates	50 "
The Life and Wanderings of a Mouse. 10 plates	50 "
Holiday Tales, or Pleasing Stories for the Young	25 "
Clara's Amusements. By Mrs. Bache	50 "
The Fairy Story Book of New Fairy Tales	50 "
Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales. 6 plates	75 "
The Life and Rambles of a Squirrel. 10 plates	50 "
The Child's Cheerful Companion. 1 vol, 21 plates	50 "
Uncle John's Fancy Picture Books. 6 kinds, each	25 "
Popular Tales. By Maria Edgeworth, illustrated	75 "
The Book of Animals. With 12 designs	50 "
The Book of Birds. With 16 engravings	50 "
The Happy Children, a Tale for Young People,	50 "
Watts' Divine and Moral Songs, with illustrations	50 "
Mamma's Bible Stories for her little Boys and Girls,	50 "
Holiday House: a series of Tales by Miss Sinclair	75 "
Home for the Holidays: A Remembrance of Early Days	25 "
Little Annie's First Book, in words of three letters	25 "
Little Annie's second Book, in words of one syllable	31 "
Fanny and Her Mamma. By Author of Mamma's Bible Stories	37 "
Mother Goose in Hieroglyphics. Oblong quarto	16¼ "
City Cries; or, a Peep at Scenes in Town, 24 pl.	25 "
Little Dora; or, the Four Seasons Beautifully Illustrated	31 "
Babes in the Wood. A New Story for the Young, Illustrated	12½ "
The Book of Trades and Professions. Illustrated with 24 plates	25 "
Pretty Stories for Pretty Little People. Gilt edges	75 "
Scenes from European History, Cloth, " "	75 "
Perils and Adventures of the Deep, " " "	75 "
Youth's Book of Travel and Adventure. Cloth, gilt edges.	

An ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Juvenile Books has just been published, and will be furnished *gratis* on application to REDDING & CO., Boston.

☞ The above Books are for sale by all the Booksellers. dec8 3w

PARKER & WHITE'S
Hay, Straw and Cornstalk Cutters
PRICES FROM $3 TO $30.



The Subscribers having greatly improved their Hay Cutters, invite all persons, who are about buying, to examine their stock, feeling confident that the many particulars in which they are superior to all other machines intended for their purpose will recommend them at once to purchasers.

Also, for sale, Patent Thermometer, Hydraulic and common Churns, Butter Moulds, Winnowing Mills, Corn Shellers, Vegetable Boilers, warranted Axes and Axe Handles, Ox Bows and Yokes, Ox Shovels, Grecnward Ploughs, Flails, Corn Forks, Ames' Cast Steel Shovels, Iron, do. &c. &c.

All these articles are offered at wholesale or retail at No. 10 Gerrish Block, Blackstone st.
dec8 PARKER & WHITE.

Pear Seed.

A few quarts of prime, fresh Pear Seed, for sale by RUGGLES, NOURSE, MASON & Co., over Quincy Market, Boston. Dec. 1.

Farm for Sale.

SITUATED in the North West part of Stow, containing 78 acres of the first quality of land, suitably divided into mowing, tillage, pasturing, and woodland, and is well fenced with stone wall. It has a large supply of Apple Trees, grafted with selected fruit.

The buildings consist of a two story House, two Barns one 57 by 30, the other 33 by 27, and other outbuildings, such as Sheds, Carriage House, Cider Mill, &c.

The subscriber being anxious to dispose of the estate, will sell at a bargain; and payment will be made easy to the purchaser.

For further particulars enquire of the subscriber, now living on the premises. JOHN EVELETH.
Stow, Oct. 27. 4t*

South Down Sheep.

THE subscriber has 24 superior full-blooded South down Sheep which he offers for sale at a reasonable price. Said Sheep were bred from some of the best imported flocks in this country. PAOLI LATHROP.

For further particulars, inquire of PARKER & WHITE, No. 10, Gerrish Block, Blackstone Street, Boston. South Hadley Falls, Dec. 8. 3t

Premium Boars for Sale

ONE ♮ Suffolk, ♮ Middlesex, 18 months old, weight 300.
One ♮ Suffolk, ♮ Essex, 12 " " " 250.
" ♮ " ♮ Middlesex, 7 mo., wt. about 171.
Also, a few young Pigs.

Apply to H. H. WILLIAMS, West Roxbury.
nov2 6t

Fire.—Prompt Payment.

[To the Editors of the Ploughman.]

GENT.—In yours of the 13th, notice was given of the fires which consumed our barn and contents. The amount of said loss, on Live Stock and Hay, was not less than $1,300.

We wish through your columns to state that we were insured on the same to the amount of $800, with the Washington County Mutual Insurance Co. located at Granville, New York, through the Meriden Agency, Conn., by M. W. Stoddard the travelling Agent, and much to our satisfaction, we have this day been visited by the said Stoddard and Curtis L. North the General Agent of said Meriden Agency, from whom we have received the amount of our insurance, $800 cash.

We therefore would cheerfully recommend the said Company and their Agents from the Meriden Agency to the farmers of Mass. LUTHER EATON,
nov24 2t JOHN E. EATON.

Gates' Academy in Marlborough.

THE Winter Term at this Institution will commence on Monday, Dec. 3. Mr. Albee, the former preceptor having resigned, on account of ill health, the undersigned have the pleasure to announce to the Friends of the Academy that we have engaged Mr. James O. Williams, a graduate of Harvard College, as his successor. The high testimonials we have received as to his character and scholarship authorize us to anticipate that under his charge this Institution will continue to sustain its present good reputation.

Pupils can obtain board, as usual, in the family of the late preceptor.

S. F. BUCKLIN,
HORATIO ALGER, } Committee of the
S. R. PHELPS, } Trustees.
nov24 3w

For Sale Cheap.

LIGHT Covered wagons of different styles and prices, Top Buggies, covered and open Market Wagons, Light open Business Wagon, two wagons suitable for two horses to team wood, &c., horse carts and Harnesses, Carriage Harnesses of every description, Draft and Carriage Collars at wholesale and retail. Carriages painted and trimmed to order and in the best manner. HOLLIS HASTINGS.
Framingham, Oct. 27.

Quince Seed.

A LOT of prime new Quince Seed. Just received, and for sale by RUGGLES, NOURSE, MASON & CO., over Quincy Market, Boston.
nov10 tf

Farm Wanted,

Within twenty miles of Boston, and within a mile of a Rail Road Depot, worth from $3000 to $5000. If within eight miles of Boston, the distance from a Depot may be more than a mile. About twenty per cent. will be paid down by a responsible person.

Address "K. G. S." Post Office, box 1817, Boston, post paid, giving full description of land, buildings, and neighborhood, &c. Dec. 1.

Farm and Stock to be Leased.

The Dummer Academy Farm situated in Byfield and containing about 330 acres of Upland and Salt Marsh, together with ten Cows and four Oxen, is offered for lease for a term of years commencing on the 1st of April next.

This is a rare opportunity for a young farmer of small capital, to place himself in an independent and prosperous condition.

Applications to be made to either of the subscribers.
DANIEL NOYES, Byfield.
JEREMIAH COLMAN, Newburyport.
WINTHROP SARGENT, Byfield.
Byfield, Dec. 1 3w*

Farm for Sale.

THE POET'S CORNER.

LET US GIVE THANKS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Let us give thanks, with grateful soul,
To Him who sendeth all;
To Him who bids the planets roll,
And sees a "sparrow fall."
Though grief and tears may dim our joys,
And care and strife arrest,
'Tis man, too often, that alloys
The lot his Maker blest;
While sunshine lights the boundless sky,
As I dew-drops feed the sod—
While stars and rainbows live on high—
Let us give thanks to God.

We till the earth in labor's health,
We plant the acorn cup;
The fields are crowned with golden wealth,
The green tree springeth up;
The sweet, eternal waters gush
From fountain and from vale;
The vineyards brush with purple flush,
The yellow hop leaves trail;
And while the harvest flings its gold,
And cowslips deck the sod—
While limpid streams are clear and cold,
Let us give thanks to God.

The flower yields up its odor breath,
As gentle winds go past;
The grasshopper that lurks beneath
Chirps merrily and fast;
The ring dove coos upon the spray,
The larks full anthems pour;
The bees start with a jocund lay,
The waves sing on the shore;
Hosannas fill the wood and wild,
Where human stop ne'er trod;
And Nature, like an unweaned child,
Smiles on its parent God.

Say, Brothers, shall the bird and bloom
Thus teach, and teach in vain?
Shall all the love-rays that illume,
Be lost in clouds of pain?
Shall hearts be dead and vision blind
To all that mercy deals?
Shall soul and reason fail to find
The shrine where instinct kneels?
Ah, no!—while glory lights the sky,
And beauty paints the sod—
While stars and rainbows live on high,
Let us give thanks to God.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

OLDEN TIME.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

The town or borough of Harrisburgh, the political capital of Pennsylvania, lies on the bank of the Susquehanna, about 107 miles west of Philadelphia. I say on the *bank*, not the shore; for here a bold bluff rises a few yards from the northern margin of the river, and the town is, therefore, from ten to fifteen feet above the stream—a fact of consequence to the inhabitants; as the Susquehanna, which in summer, may be easily forded by children, will frequently, during the spring freshets, rise from six to eight feet, threatening all upon its borders. The houses are built only on the north side of this front street, so as to face the river, and leave, besides the beautiful avenue, a handsome esplanade in front of the town, overlooking the river.

Few places can present a more delightful promenade than this *front* of Harrisburg; and the writer hereof has more than once sought to express his appreciation of the walk, and the gorgeousness of the views to be enjoyed therefrom. The scene is ever fresh—ever delightsome, to one who has an eye for the beautiful of nature, and a heart to be warmed into the enjoyment of that beautiful. No frequency of indulgence palls the appetite here—no change of season diminishes the attraction. Whether the stream murmurs round the projecting rock and over masses of pebbles that mark its bed and are visible in summer, or whether the current dashes deep and bold, fed by the melting snows of the upper mountains, it is beautiful; beautiful in its simple exhibition—beautiful in its terrible grandeur. Whether the setting sun steeps the current in liquid, tremulous light, or the wild, tempestuous blasts of January heap up the waters in dark and chafing masses, all is beautiful; and men go forth to gaze in quiet enjoyment on the peaceful flow of July, or to enrich and stimulate their feelings with the all-conquering power of the down-rushing torrent of March.

Indulging in dreamy pleasure one morning late in June, while contemplating the loveliness of the scene, I cast my eyes away to the mountains through which the river forces its course a few miles above the town, and was delighted to see the first evidences of the rising sun in the yellow light that tinged the topmost peaks of those mighty promontories, while heavy wreaths of mist engendered on the ground below, were rolling upward, like giants anxious to bathe early in the sun-light—an enjoyment that must have cost them existence, or, perhaps, only present *visibility*.

I can now recall some of the reflections to which the magnificent scene gave rise. Those children of the mist, that tended upward, were they only imaginary beings! only the workmanship of my fancy, upon the crude materials that spring up from the fens! or were those misty shapes indeed the essential forms of spirits, whose tendencies were upward—who, though dragged downward by the grossness of their outward covering, which affected its home and would abide in its cold, dark birth-place, struggled upward to the light and heat, and were released from the clogging properties of the visible and the impure, while they put on the invisible and the purified!

I knew the law of physics, by which the ascensive power of matter is augmented by heat, and consequently felt that some of those who were sleeping in the vicinity, would have referred all those misty images of the mountains, to well known and always occurring circumstances. I admit that natural causes produce just such effects as the ascension of the wreaths of mist. But may not He who enacts the laws by which all these events occur, connect also the state, habits and tendencies of some class of beings with the operation of those laws! Because the sun gives light and heat to the system of which it is the centre, because we know that it riseth and goeth down, and because we can calculate the influence of its light and heat upon our planet, does it follow that the same body may not be the home of millions of rational beings, who would laugh if told that we, mundane men, thought *that* luminous body made for the convenience of the earth!

I was calculating the effect upon one who should, while standing on that mountain, venture to address these wreathy forms, and find himself understood and answered, when the presence of a person whom I had once or twice seen, at the peep of dawn,

"Brushing, with hasty steps, the dew away,"

renewed a resolution of putting to him a question as to the origin of a certain enclosure in the vicinity. There was, between the upper bank and the edge of the river, directly in front of the town, a small enclosure, perhaps fifteen feet square, surrounded by a decaying board fence, and having in it two miserably looking Lombardy poplars, touched with all the squalidness of decay which characterizes the *age* of that short-lived tree. Brambles, too, had sprung up in the enclosure, and they covered a small rising of the ground, with some invisible emblems. My object was to know why such a place was allowed in front of the town; why it was made, and why thus continued.

"That," said my friend, "is the grave of old Mr. HARRIS, for whom the town was named, long before they thought of building the capitol yonder. But there is a long story connected with the matter, and you can learn the whole of it if you will call, with proper motives and in a proper manner, upon a descendant of the old patriarch who resides in the neighborhood."

Now, I saw in this man some signals of fancy, and I felt determined to get the story out of him. But he professed to be in too much haste; he had his day's work to perform, and he had almost forgotten the story. But I persevered with him and obtained some account, which, after eleven years, I put on paper, not venturing to quote my friend for authority, telling the story not exactly as it was told to me, but as I recollect and reconstruct the narrative.

Mr. Harris was one of the pioneers of Pensylvania. He saw the country rich and beautiful before him, and 'went forth and stood and measured the earth' in and around the place where now stands the borough which bears his name. The beauty of scenery, the delicate softness of the valley contrasting with the towering summits of the mountains around, made the place exceedingly desirable. He, like the men of his times, had an eye for the beautiful, and a far-reaching ken that took in the future with the present; and so he sat down on the shores of the Susquehanna, on what was then perhaps an island, though now a part of the main land.

Mr. Harris was a man of the world—I mean what I say—he was emphatically a man of the world. Calmly and coolly had he, in his youth, sat down to reflect upon the policy which would best subserve the purposes which he had in view; and, after mature deliberations, he came to the conclusion that the precepts of his mother were well founded, and that however much the gay might ridicule, or the short-sighted neglect, the rules which she had prescribed, and which she had made him, in boyhood, follow—on the whole, 'to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly,' would serve the affairs of a long life as well as they would produce effects after death. So, Mr. Harris sat down on the banks of the Susquehanna, an honest man from habit—an honest man from principle; a Christian by birth—a Christian by all his actions. He had nothing Utopian in his views, nothing impracticable in his plans. If he bought or sold, it was with a view to his own advantage in the transaction, and neither white man nor red man could out-bargain him; but either white man or red man would be welcome to all that his wants required at his hands; and those who failed to get one quart of meal more than he would allow in trade, found no difficulty in procuring a peck whenever their necessities appealed to his feelings of charity rather than to his rule of business.

The means of the founder of the settlement had been somewhat diminished by an act of goodness, which few could appreciate at the time. A stout black man was about to be torn from his wife to be sent into slavery at the South.—The ability of the slave enhanced his price, while his goodness of heart made the separation more intolerable to him. The wife was free—should she go into voluntary slavery in order to follow her husband! and if she did, who could tell her that the first inducement to the owner to sell her husband might not result in a separation, which no sacrifice on her part could prevent, nor could it mitigate the evils thereof. In this state, Pompey appealed to Mr. Harris; he promised fidelity, industry, and gratitude; Mr. Harris saw that he could prevent misery, and he paid the price of the man, and thus became his *owner*.

'Massa Harris,' said the delighted black, as he saw the accomplishment of his heart's desire, 'I'll do something for this by and by.'

'What will you do Pompey?'

'Don't know, Massa; but guess 'twill come sometime or other.'

Pompey formed a part of Mr. Harris' establishment in his small settlement upon the Susquehanna, and by his light heartedness and his labor, seemed to repay all obligations which his purchase devolved upon him. He had a song for the youngest who visited the place, and he could dance with the Indians that resided a short distance above; and whether in the field or at the mill, he was trustworthy, active, industrious, and never for a moment did his worthy master find cause to regret his purchase.

'Done enough for to-day?' would Pompey inquire.'

'You have done more, Pompey, than I directed and you have done it well; and excepting your habit of singing foolish songs, and dancing like a madman among the Indians that come down from the Juniata, I have been well compensated for your cost.'

'But I have not done *that*,' said Pompey.

'I tell you, Pompey, that I require only the discharge of ordinary duties; I do not expect you will meet with any occasion for any extraordidary effort in my behalf.'

'Well, well, massa—it will come bym' by, I *tell* you.'

The peaceful, gentle manners of Mr. Harris had their effect upon Pompey's movements, but not to the extent which the master desired.—The servant was honest, industrious, and did all the work that was required at his hands, but he could not prettermit his sport. The day of gloom closed with Pompey when Mr. Harris saved him from the sale to the South and the separation from his wife, and Pompey felt a sort of devotion in his wild, irregular dances, and his loud, shrill singing. His spirits rose with every recollection of the kindness, and, as he broke into a verse of some favorite song, or shuffled out upon the hard earth with his bare heels the time of a quickly moving tune, he felt that he was only giving expression to gratitude for his kind master; and who shall say that the offering of the joyous black was not made acceptable above, by the sincerity of the feelings in which it was presented!

It was a clear star-light evening of July, the moon had not risen, and the planetary worlds above seemed to magnify themselves in the absence of the great source of day; a gentle draft of air down the stream was felt, and occasionally a rustling among the foliage was caused by the wind, augmented into a temporary breeze.—The whole bank of the river was covered with tall forest trees, save where Mr. Harris's little settlement was placed. On a bold bluff, now washed away, but which then jutted out into the stream, as if for the site of some defensive works, stood a female. She had been long looking up into the firmament, and then casting her eyes around, as if expecting some one to share with her the "contemplation of the starry heavens."

The young woman stepped forward and looked down upon the waters below her for some time, and then murmured: "They are now, as in years past, above and below—the glorious constellations shining on, and year after year returning, with all their train rich in their lustre, and surveying themselves in the waters beneath. But see change. Year after year passes, and my fathers' race, if they appear at all, present themselves in diminished numbers and in wasting forms.—The foot of the white man is on the soil, and he treats us as he does the forest trees. Where he finds our race convenient, he leaves them to perish for want of communion with their like; where he needs their lands, he strikes them down as cucumbers of the ground; and I, who love the race—*I* dwell among the pale faces, in peace; nay, I dwell among them of choice. I love their people, and I reverence the precepts by which some of them are governed—by which all profess to be guided. Oh, spirit of my fathers! must all pass away like the wreaths of mountain mist, and, as they fall, shall it be the disgrace of their name that vice, and not vengeance, swept them from the earth!

"Oh, what is this new principle which the whites have infused into my soul—the means and condition of future happiness! What is it that bids me forbear the wish that I was a man—a chief among my fathers' people, that I might chase the intruder from our hunting grounds, and restore to our nation the land which was purchased by trinkets and baubles, costless to the whites and useless to the red man! What is that principle that *bids* me, nay *makes* me, pray for the good of the whites around me, and look to the destruction of my father's race as a means of that good!

"I cannot tell. And the teachings of the whites concerning the requirements of their own religion, become dark and confused when they attempt to reconcile their practice with their precepts; at least, those who teach most do most confound. But Father Harris, who has little to say, how good are all his *deeds!* how like the shining of those stars upon the water is his benevolence to my race! beautiful in itself, and reflected in the hearts of the red men with constant lustre. Oh, if all were like him! but then—"

"Then what, Dahona?"

The interruption was caused by a young man who had followed the speaker to a place of frequent resort.

"Then what, Dahona?"

"Nay, William, nay, do not call me Dahona; at least, do not call me thus in *this* place—do not call me thus when you find me alone—when the wildness of the scene begets wildness of thought, and the breeze which comes down from the hunting-grounds of my fathers, seem to fan into a flame the lingering sparks of native fire which civilization, as yet, has not quenched.—Do not, by such a name, call up my almost buried thoughts of those who owned these lands when the white men were enjoying that which they stole from their conquered enemies; do not by that name tell me, that I am the daughter of a chief killed upon his own hills; and when I would calm down those feelings of vengeance, which come with longer intervals, do not, with the name of Dahona, goad me on to those wishes which must be sinful, for they are unjust to Father Harris."

"Well, then my dear Rebecca, if all the whites were like Father Harris, what then?"

"They are not all like him. Those who taught me to read and write, and who tried to teach me to pray, are not like him. They talked of the equality of man, and yet treated me as the child of a monster. Father Harris knows that I am human, like himself, and he treats me as if I was immortal, as he is."

"Well, should not the virtues of such a man redeem from censure a thousand offending whites?"

"Perhaps so, William—I think so now; but there are times—moments like some which I pass alone on this point of land—in which the virtues of that good man seem to me a motive for vengeance upon *him*. Were he like others, the red man could strike; were he like others, *I* could strike; if, instead of kindness, which demands gratitude, and constant care and parental watchfulness, which beget affection, he had treated me as other whites treat my race, it might be long ere the hunting-fields of the tribe submitted to the plough. But the virtues of the whites subdue the feelings of the Indians, and the vices of the whites destroy the race. And yet, William, Father Harris, with all his virtue, forbids our union!"

"*Forbids* it, Rebecca, but does not hinder it."

"Not hinder it? Does he not hinder it by his refusal to sanction it?"

"May we not go down to the lower settlements and be married, as others are?"

"Will that procure his consent, William?"

"No; but, of course, it will be followed by his pardon."

"Alas, William, even the poor theology of my native tribe forbids the hope of pardon for a sin committed in the hope of pardon."

"But he has no right, Rebecca, to prevent our happiness by his refusal to sanction the union."

"He has over me the right of a father, and shall never complain of a want of obedience. I may suffer by his refusal, but if he is wrong he must bear the consequences. No, William, no. I have told you that I would marry none other than you; but I will not marry you without the consent of Father Harris while he lives, with power to give or to withhold that consent."

"His reasons are insufficient."

"Nay, William, say not that; though he has not told me his reasons, I think I comprehend them. In the first place, you are the son of his old friend and relative; can the strong prejudices of your race be appeased, if you should marry the daughter of an Indian? It is true that I was a princess; and the whites whom I met at the school in the city, always appeared to worship those of royal blood, and I do not know that the crown of the parent country might not devolve upon the head of a man or woman as black and as curly as our Pompey, if such an one should, by the accidents of taste and the favor of the right *creed*, fall into the channel of succession by an admitted marriage. That strong prejudice, I am persuaded, influences Father Harris."

"But it does not influence *me*, Rebecca; and why should it? Associated with the best of our people in the city, you have acquired their habits; you have, with all the delicacy of your sex, twice the learning that can be boasted of by many of ours; and if—"

"Yes, yes, William; you mean by '*if* that if I had ceased to feel, and sometimes act, like an Indian, *then*—But I have not ceased to feel and to act, sometimes, like my father's child; and all the learning which the whites have imparted, seems only to enable me to appreciate more correctly the sufferings and wrongs of my people; and if it were not for the gentle teaching of that Quaker woman—nay, the teaching rather of the *spirit* by which she is influenced—I should, perhaps, make my knowledge a means of vengeance. But William, there is another cause, founded on sound policy, for the refusal of Father Harris."

"And what is that?"

"I am the daughter of a chief of a tribe that scarcely thinks of peace; and when my father was tortured by his conquering foes—tortured to death, but not to a groan—and my mother was struck down by the hatchet of a warrior of the tribe above us, I was redeemed from captivity by Father Harris—saved from a miserable death—treated, educated and loved by him as his child. While I am here, it may be that the warriors of my tribe will respect his settlement; if I should marry you, the tribe above, always friendly, might grow jealous of the connection."

"There is more of worldly policy in that than Mr. Harris is wont to exercise," said William.

"Let us be content," said Rebecca "with his decision for the present. He who has always intended right, cannot long persist in wrong."

The dialogue of the lovers became less and less argumentative, and was soon changed from that of an educated, high-minded woman and a deferential young man, to the gentle intercourse of two lovers—more pleasing to themselves, though perhaps less interesting to my readers. The moon had risen, and the light of its diminished form was dancing on the ripples of the river, and lay broad and lovely upon the side of the mountain above.

'What was that sound?' asked Rebecca, with evidence of fear. 'Surely some one is abroad.'

'It was only a deer, or some such animal, on the other side of the river.'

'But, William, the deer does not move thus by night, unless alarmed by the hunter or some animal. Let us return; we may be injured, even on this side of the river.'

The pair withdrew to the little settlement; and as they passed one of the out-houses, they discovered, through the interstices of the logs of which it was constructed, the white teeth and shining eyes of Pompey, who, not having any love affair on hand, was very willing to have a laugh at 'Massa William,' or a little knowing wink at Rebecca, the next day.

Rebecca was soothed to repose by the quiet of her conscience and the healthful, gentle influence of the prayer with which she sanctified her little chamber—prayer that included blessings upon the head of her benefactor, her early friend and father—prayer that expressed confidence and love for Him who was her "Father in Heaven." The noise of the river, hastening downward in its eternal course, was lulling, and in the strong light which the moon poured through the little window of her chamber, the enthusiastic girl seemed to find the forms of guardian angels; and she sunk to sleep in the confidence that she was in the care of Heaven.

And was she not! What but Heaven provided for her the ample affection of Harris! What but Heaven made his teaching operative upon her conduct! What threw across the dark mind of the Indian girl the light of Christian truth?—a light whose reflection was certainly tinged with a portion of the hues of the object which it reached, but which still was Christian light, doing its perfect work and effecting, by constant operation, the character, condition and habits of Rebecca.

It was but a short time before daylight that the young sleeper, who had retired to rest in the consciousness of Heaven's guardian, was alarmed by loud cries, and on looking abroad she saw that one building of the little hamlet was wrapped in flames, while the wild yells of the savages told the poor girl what was the cause of the danger, and left little doubt as to its extent; and she knew, too, that the savage intruders were the people of her own tribe. Scarcely had she thrown a few clothes around her, and wrapped herself about with a blanket from her bed, when the voice of Pompey, as he passed her window, was heard. One sentence only did the poor fellow utter:

'Save all the time you can, Miss Rebecca!'

In two minutes more the little settlement was surrounded by the savages. William who had been aroused later than the black, sought to save Mr. Harris, but failed, and seeing no chance of escaping through the line of Indians, he rushed into the room of Rebecca, and opening a small door took refuge in a cellar beneath.

Rebecca, it was known, incurred little personal risk. She was of the tribe of the invaders; and vengeance upon the whites, and the spoliation of their goods, were the objects of the attack.

Scarcely had William reached his hiding-place when the chief of the small tribe of invaders presented himself at the door of Rebecca's room, and demanded William.

'He is not in my room. Do you think men are to be found in my bed-chamber!'

'A white man may be found any where in time of danger,' said the savage. 'But I do not care for the fellow; I want to know where Harris has hidden his goods—especially where he has concealed his rum.'

'I do not keep his goods nor hide his rum.'

'But you know where he hides them, and you shall tell me, or I—'

'Or you will kill me—kill a woman! Brave chief! Has the influence of the white man reduced our tribe to that!'

'I did not threaten you, Dahona; but I will strike where you can feel as keenly as on yourself. Tell me where these goods are secreted.'

'I will not; and you dare not take vengeance on me.'

'Look, Dahona, through yonder window!'

The girl turned her eye to the window, and by the broad blaze of the burning building she saw a stake erected, near the river, and numerous savages were heaping around it quantities of wood.

'Is that for me!'

'No—for Harris.'

The young woman checked the exclamation which was rising to her lip:

'And you will release him if I will point out to you the goods; you will do no personal injury to any one and spare the rest of the property!'

The Indian hesitated; but the lie which seemed to struggle for utterance, against the habits of his race, was spoken:

'I will spare all'—

'And the people of the tribe—will they spare!'

Just then a band of savages was seen conveying Mr. Harris down to the stake.

The spirit of Rebecca was shaken. She did not know, indeed, where any goods were concealed, and the small amount which had been put aside was then brought forward by some of the Indians, who were more occupied with the rum they had secured than with the other articles.

She looked through the window again, and Harris was at the stake, and, with impatient yells, the savages were making ready for the sacrifice.

'Spare him—only spare the life of Harris, and take all!'

'We *have* all, and now will consummate the work. Hark ye, Dahona! Harris must suffer the torments to which our captives are condemned. We have been injured by the whites. Your father was our chief—they destroyed him; and whose blood has flowed in revenge! You, the daughter of that chief, have been made to despise the people of your tribe, and to adopt the faith of the whites—a creed that makes one portion cowards—afraid of the life or the death of a warrior—and leaves the other portion to commit what crimes they choose upon the red men.

"Now, hear me, Dahona. It is the creed that makes the man, and not the man the creed; and the influence of your profession of that creed—the devotion which you pay to that book now lying at your feet—are weakening the attachment of our people to their chiefs, and giving power to the whites. Renounce the creed, spurn the book at your feet, and follow your brethren to their hunting grounds, and we will spare Harris."

"I will follow you whither you wish—take me now; but first release that man."

"Do you renounce the white man's creed—will you spurn the Bible in presence of our men!" [*Remainder next week.*

TUBAL CAIN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when the earth was young,
By the fierce red light of his furnace fire
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear,
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that wields them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest tree;
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Who has given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, and hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain,
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind—
That the land was fed with the blood they shed,
And their lust for carnage blind;
And he said—"Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and sword for man whose joy
Is to slay his fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his wo—
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And he bared his strong arm for the work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he said, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the fire sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made!"
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough,
To him our prize shall be;
But while oppression lifts its hand,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!"

LETTERS TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

BY MRS. SWISSHELM.

"What—another lecture!" Yes, girls another lecture. I thought long ago that I should have to read you a long one about minding your mothers. Of course you all know the divine command,—"Honor thy father and thy mother," but very few obey it. An undutiful child is an odious character, yet few young people feel the affection for, and show the respect and obedience to their parents that is becoming, right and beautiful. Did you ever recount the days and nights of care, toil and anxiety you cost her? Did you ever try, to measure the love that sustained your infancy and guided your youth? Did you ever think about how much more you owe your mother than you will be able to pay? If so, did you look sour and cross when she asked you to do any thing—did you ever vex, or ever disobey her? If you did, it is a sin of no common magnitude, and a shame which should make your cheek burn every time you think of it. It is a sin that will be sure to bring its reward in this world. I never knew an undutiful daughter make a happy wife and mother. The feeling that enables any one to be unkind to a mother, will make her who indulges it wretched for life.

If you should lose your mother, you can little dream how the memory of every unkind look or undutiful word, every neglect of her wishes, will haunt you. I could never tell you how I sometimes feel in remembering instances of neglect to mother, and yet, thanks to her care, I had the name of being a good child. She told me shortly before she died that I had never vexed her by any act of disobedience, and I would not resign the memory of her approbation for the plaudits of the world, even though I krew it was her love that hid the faults and magnified all that was good.

I know how many things I might have done to add to her happiness and repay her care, that I did not do; but the grave has cut off all the opportunities of rectifying mistakes or atoning for neglects. Never, never lay past for yourself the memory of an unkindness to or neglect of your mother. If she is sick, how can you possibly get tired of waiting upon her, how can you trust any one else to take your place about her? No one could have filled her place to your peevish infancy and troublesome childhood. When she is in her usual health, remember she is not so young and active as you are. Wait upon her.—If she wants her knitting, bring it to her, not because she could not get it herself, but to show that you are thinking about her, and love to do something for her. Learn to comb her hair for her sometimes. It will make you love to be near her. Bring her drink, fix her cap, pin on her 'kerchief, bring her shoes, get her gloves, or do some other little thing for her. No matter how active and healthy she may be, or how much she may love to work, she will love to have you do any little thing that will show you are thinking of her. Girls, you do not know the value of your mother, if you have not lost her. Nobody loves you, nobody ever will love you, as she does. Do not be ungrateful for that love, do not repay it with coldness, or a curse of coldness will rest upon you, which you can never shake off.—Unloved and unloving you will live and die, if you do not love and honor your father and mother.

One thing, never call either "old man," or "old woman." It is quite a habit in the country for young people to name their parents thus. This is rude, impudent and undutiful. Any aged person is an old man or an old woman. There should be something sacred, something peculiar in the word that designates parents. The tone of voice in which they are addressed should be affectionate and respectful. A short, surly answer from a child to a parent, falls very harshly on the ear of any person who has any idea of filial duty.

Be sure, girls, that you each win for yourselves the name of a dutiful daughter. It is so easy to win, that no one should be without it. It is much easier to be a good daughter than a good wife or mother. There are no conflicting interests between parent and child as between husband and wife. A child's duties are much more easily performed than a parent's; so that she who is a good daugher, may fail to be a good wife or mother; but she who fails in this first most simple relation need never hope to fill another well. Be sure then, that you are a good daughter. It is the best preparation for every other station, and will be its own reward. The secret you dare not tell her is a dangerous secret; and one that will be likely to bring you sorrow. The hours you spend with her will not bring you regret, and you should never feel disappointed or out of humor for not being permitted to go to some place to which you wished to go. You should love her so well that it would not be felt a punishment to give up the gayest party to remain with her. Nothing is more beautiful than to see a girl take off her things and sit smilingly down with mother because she wished it. But this letter is growing long, and my thoughts have wandered; so good-night. Go and kiss mother as you used to do when a child, and never grow too large or wise to be a child at her side.

[Saturday Visiter.

BIBLE IN SPAIN.

Mr. Wallis, in his entertaining "*Glimpses of Spain*," surprises us by the account which he gives of the circulation of the Bible in Spain.

Among the many books in the course of periodical publication, it will surprise the readers of Mr. Borrow to know, that the Bible was one of the most prominent. At every bookstore you might have seen it advertised, in the most flaming letters, at rates to suit purchasers; and there was especially placarded, a fine edition called the "*Biblia pintoresca*" or illustrated Bible, after the fashion of the beautiful work published by the Harpers in this country. To be sure, it was, in all probability, the translation from the Vulgate, which Mr. Borrow would consider no Bible at all: but, inasmuch as the whole Spanish nation happen to differ with him in that particular, it seems but fair to allow them the privilege of reading their own version, instead of hunting up the more orthodox copies, which he dropped on the highways, and in the dens of the gipsy horse-thieves. I may as well say, here, that unless the portions of Spain I visited have changed prodigiously since Mr. Borrow's missionary excursions, there is too much room for ascribing to that graphic and entertaining traveler, the "Munchausenish tendencies," which Blackwood supposes him to possess. According to the testimony of Captain Widdrington, who is a witness both impartial and intelligent, the whole enterprise, in which Mr. Borrow embarked, fell completely through, and altogether from the fact that "nothing was ever conducted, in a manner more likely to insure its certain and inevitable failure." By the Spanish laws, both civil and ecclesiastical, at the time of Mr. Borrow's mission, it was not the printing and distribution of the Bible that was prohibited, but of the Bible without the Apocrypha and annotations. Now, whatever may be the opinions of Protestants in regard to the utility or the canonical value of the Apocryphal books, to have published them, with the rest of the Scriptures, would seem (even if the Spanish laws had been silent on the subject) to have been clearly required, by the very Bible Society principle, which gives the whole of the Sacred Writings to the reader, that he may examine, ponder, and judge for himself. Be that as it may, however—to commence a religious enterprise by violating the law, and to determine that he would circulate his own Bible or none—would seem to have savored, on the part of Mr. Borrow, rather more of the spirit of propagandism, than of an earnest desire to give the word of God to the people. The result was a natural one. The missionary arrayed against himself, at the outset, both the clergy and the government, instead of seeking the co-operation which Captain Widdrington assures us would have been gladly given, under other circumstances. To so impolitic a commencement, the association of Mr. Borrow, principally, with the gipsies—the very *fœx populi* in Spain—and his constant and peculiarly British defiance of all the manners, laws, and customs that contravened his will, certainly gave no favorable direction. The result was, what he has himself admitted, a complete and entire failure.

READING THE SCRIPTURES.

The value and desirableness of the art of reading well, are never more strikingly suggested than when it is employed in reading the Scriptures aloud. In the sacred desk, or in the social meeting, or at domestic worship, how greatly it adds to the beauty and impressiveness of the service, if the grand and beautiful phraseology of the sacred word, be given forth by a tasteful reader. Good reading is often the best commentary. The shades of thought can be expressed by the inflection and emphasis of a reader that enters into the meaning and spirit of a passage, with a clearness that no exposition would improve. When enunciated rightly, and clothed with devout feeling, what is so striking and so impressive as the words of the Spirit! How inexcusable negligent are most of our pulpit readers. How little of the divine force of the Bible is realized in this part of public worship. And at the fireside, where assembled children listen to the daily perusal of the Bible, how much its solemnity, and attractiveness would be enhanced if read clearly, intelligently and well. No one can read well who does not read understandingly. The passage to be read at church ought to be first studied, and its meaning and spirit clearly possessed. It would not then be an unmeaning service, as it now too often is.

We have removed many warts by a very simple and easy process, viz., to wash them with a strong solution of pearlash, and let it dry on the warts. If this is done two or three times, the warts may disappear.

CRUEL DIVERSION.

It pains us to think that there is any corner in our country where such barbarous practices exist as are found in some parts of Georgia, according to the following account which we cut from the New Orleans Picayune. The second paragraph also illustrates a curious state of society for our age and country.

They have a novel amusement in these parts, called "pulling the ganders." Like many other amusements, however, it is turned into a species of gambling, which may in part account for its great popularity. A liberty pole is erected in the centre of a circle, to which a venerable male of the genus *anser*—a goose—is suspended by the legs, at a distance of about eight feet from the ground. The head and neck of the poor bird are literally saturated with grease, so as to render them as slippery as possible. All who are anxious to join in the sport enter their names, and deposit a dime, which goes to form the bank. They then in turn mount a horse and ride around the circle, those below giving the horse a touch with the whip when he comes opposite the gander. The third time around the pole, the rider must seize the bird by the neck, when if he succeeds in pulling him down, he wins the bank. If he fails, he loses his dime and cannot try again without a re-entry and a re-deposit. The neck of the gander is so slippery, and the horse goes so rapidly, that few succeed in retaining their hold. The majority are pulled from their horse by the attempt, and in that and the writhing of the poor bird, (which is always alive,) I suppose consists the sport. When we remember that the "cackling of a goose" once saved the "Eternal City," is it not enough to make the blood of a patriot boil, to see so true a republican subjected to so great an indignity!

In such a country, of course, the "confectionery" does a thriving business. The yeomanry may frequently be seen trudging with a little corn to a mill hard by, and, depositing their load, going on to the "groggery," to wait until it is ground. As by the time they returned they usually had too many floating ideas, they became a source of great annoyance to the miller. At last he hit on a plan which relieved him. To reach the mill they were obliged to cross a stream, over which was thrown a substantial foot-bridge. The miller reduced this bridge to a single plank. When they could walk that, they never gave him any trouble, but when they were too far gone to venture it, they hallooed to him, and he took their grists over to them. He says he has never been troubled since the adoption of his plan. By far the greatest number, however, are unable to "walk the plank."

We confess to some curiosity to know to whom we are indebted for the beautiful lines which follow, and others with which we have been previously favored, bearing the same signature. We have not forgotten the moral of the old Greek story of a man bearing a basket covered by a napkin, who, when asked by a clown what it contained, replied: "Do you not observe its contents have been concealed?" Our correspondent has chosen the guise of an anonym, but we submit that we are entitled to a more liberal confidence than the public. [N. Y. Eve. Post.

THE HOURS.

The hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him who sits on high.

The poison or the nectar,
Our hearts' deep flower-cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some fly by on pinions
Of gorgeous gold and blue,
And some fly in with drooping wing
Of sorrow's darker hue.

And as we spend each minute
That God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before His throne—
The tale is told in Heaven.

And we, who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
Think not that they are hovering
Forever round our hearts.

Like summer-bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
These viewless angel hours.

And still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
Their mission flight, by day or night,
No magic powers can stay.

So teach me, Heavenly Father!
To spend each flying hour,
That, as they go, they may not show
My heart a poison flower. ORIOLE.

Pittsfield, September, 1849.

VERMONT HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION.

The Legislature of Vermont has adjourned, and among the acts passed is one which secures the homestead of every housekeeper or head of a family residing in that State, to the value of $500—such homestead consisting of a dwelling-house, out-buildings and lands appurtenant, occupied by such persons as a homestead,—and the yearly products thereof, shall be exempt from attachment and execution, where the contract shall be made or the cause of action shall accrue after the first day of December, A. D., 1850.—The act provides also that in case of the death of such head of a family, leaving his widow, his homestead shall pass to his widow and children, if any there be, in due course of descent, without being subject to the payment of the debts of the deceased, unless made specially chargeable thereon, or for taxes assessed thereon. Such homestead shall not be alienated or mortgaged by the owner thereof, if a married man, except by the joint deed of such husband and wife. *Provided*, however, that such husband may, without the consent of his wife, mortgage such homestead, at the time of the purchase thereof, for the payment of the purchase money.

Another act just passed provides that any person who shall perform any labor or furnish materials in Vermont for or toward the building, repairing, fitting or furnishing any ship, vessel or steamboat, shall have a lien on the same for his wages and materials so furnished, until four days after the ship, vessel or steamboat shall be completed, and may secure the same by attachment on such ship, vessel or steamboat; which attachment shall have precedence of all other attachments and claims.

Also, that when any contract or agreement shall hereafter be made, in writing, for erecting, repairing or altering any house or other building in Vermont, or for furnishing labor or materials for the purposes aforesaid, the person proceeding in pursuance of such contract or agreement shall have a lien to secure the payment of the same, upon such house or building, and the lot of land on which the same stands, and the lien hereby created shall continue in force for the space of three months from the time when payment shall become due for the work, labor or materials furnished as aforesaid.

There is a great bear in Russia that has just been to the top of the pole. *His* den has always been too small for him; and many a quaking fear has his restlessness caused the crowd outside. The growl of the ugly brute has always been, "I would if I could;" and nothing but the strong wall of universal hatred that has been raised by the love of liberty, would even now keep him within his own circle. Sometimes that seems not strong enough. His jaws are always open, ready to bite the limbs from Freedom, or gulp it down altogether. Some day, however, when RIGHT, in its extermination of gigantic tyranny, shall have given to all other states "free constitutions," and when expectation and hope will have penetrated Eastern Europe, there will at length be the announcement of "another fine bear killed!"

A luckless undergraduate on being examined for his degrees, and failing in every subject upon which he was tried, complained that he had not been questioned upon the things which he knew. Upon which the examining master tore off about an inch of paper, and, pushing it towards him, desired him to write upon that all he knew.

BANK NOTE TABLE.

MASSACHUSETTS.

American, Boston	closed.
Amherst Bank	closed.
Berkshire Bank, Pittsfield	closed.
Citizens Bank, Nantucket	closed.
Charlestown Bank	closed.
Chelsea, at Chelsea	closed.
Commercial, Boston	closed.
Commonwealth, Bank, Boston	closed.
Cohannet Bank, Taunton	closed.
Duxbury Bank	closed.
Essex Bank, Salem	closed.
Essex Bank, No. Andover	closed.
E. Bridgewater Bank	closed.
Farmers' and Mec's', So. Adams	worthless.
Farmers', Belchertown	worthless.
Franklin, Boston	worthless.
Fulton, or Winnisimet Bank, Boston	worthless.
General Interest, Bank of, Salem	closed.
Hampshire, Northampton	closed.
Hancock, Boston....charter expired	closed.
Ipswich, at Ipswich	closed.
Kilby, Boston	closed.
Lafayette, Boston	closed.
Manufacturer's and Mechanics, Nantucket	closed.
Mendon, at Mendon	75@50 per c.
Middlesex, Cambridge	closed.